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HARPER'S A WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 1462.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1884.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

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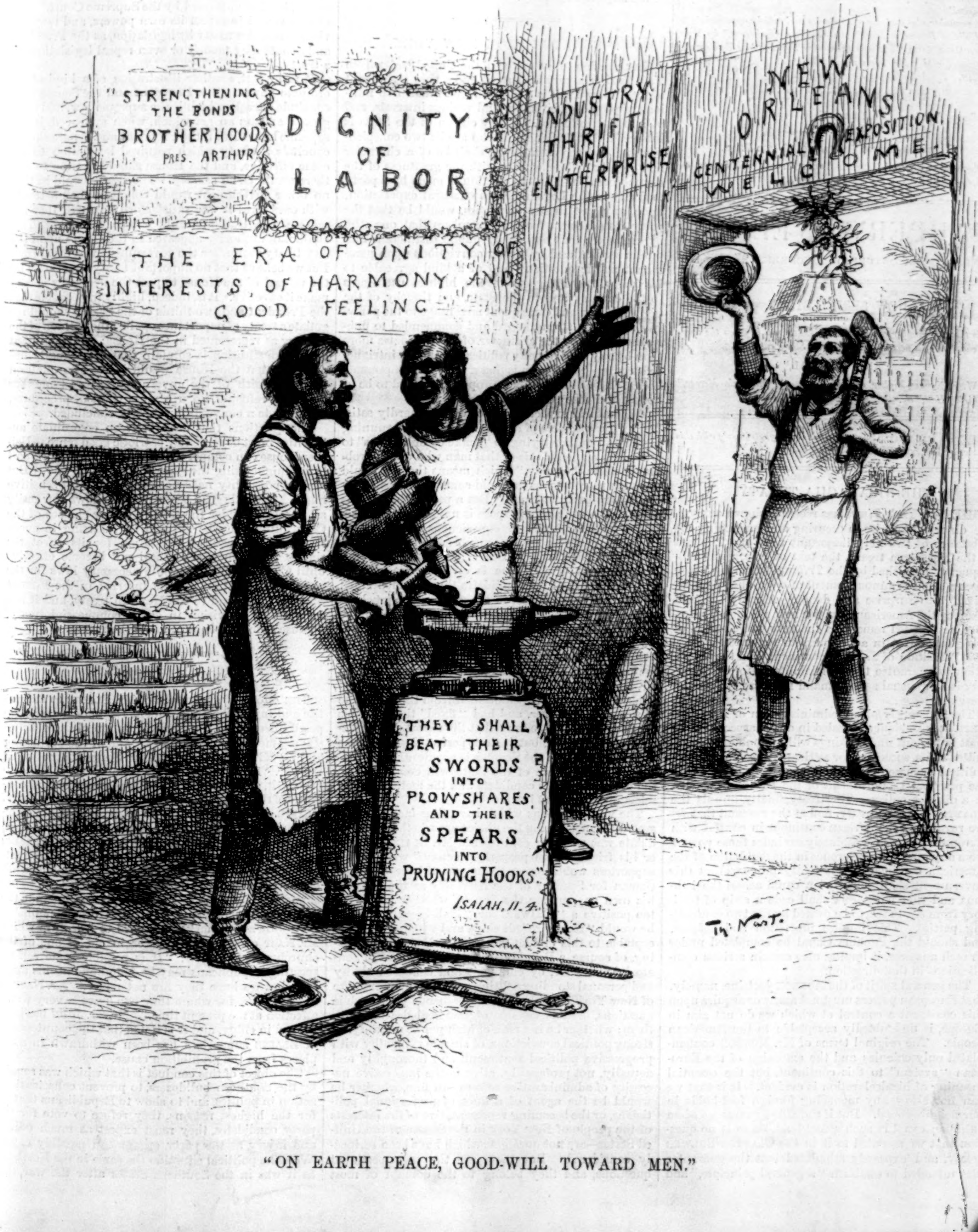
"STRENGTHENING THE BONDS OF BROTHERHOOD" PRES. ARTHUR
DIGNITY OF LABOR
THE ERA OF UNITY OF INTERESTS, OF HARMONY AND GOOD FEELING
INDUSTRY THRIFT AND ENTERPRISE
NEW ORLEANS CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION
WELCOME
"THEY SHALL BEAT THEIR SWORDS INTO PLOWSHARES AND THEIR SPEARS INTO PRUNING HOOKS" ISAIAH, II. 4.
Th: Nast.

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD-WILL TOWARD MEN."

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published December 23, has for its front page an exquisite wood-engraving, drawn by F. S. CHURCH, *and bearing the legend,*

"I BRING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

This is but one of three charming pictures by MR. CHURCH, *illustrating a beautiful fable by* MISS EVA MULLER, *entitled "The Moon Children."*

The number also contains other stories and articles appropriate to the Holiday Season, such as "An Old-time Christmas," by MISS AGNES CARR SAGE, *"Vivian's Christmas Journey," by* EDWARD I. STEVENSON, *and "Mr. Thompson's Christmas Story," by* ALLAN FORMAN. *Special attention may be called to*

"WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS PRAYER,"

a full-page drawing by MR. THOMAS NAST.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1884.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

In the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be given the opening chapters of a new illustrated Serial Story, entitled*

"ADRIAN VIDAL,"

by W. E. NORRIS, *author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.*

☞ *An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE NICARAGUA TREATY.

THE New York *Times* has recently shown extraordinary enterprise in securing and publishing the substance of two very important treaties. The last is the Nicaragua treaty, the text of which was subsequently published by the *Tribune*, and which proposes a step the announcement of which has been received with surprise and doubt. Already the part taken by the American Minister in the Congo Conference has excited remark as the first participation of this government in a Congress to regulate the interior disposition of another continent, and the proposition to guarantee the inviolability of foreign territory is so unusual as to demand most careful consideration.

The apparently placid administration of President ARTHUR is suddenly revealed in a new aspect, and its most important undertakings will undoubtedly be remitted to its successor for settlement. The ultimate political purpose of the Nicaragua treaty is evidently the practical establishment of the MONROE doctrine in a distinct policy. The treaty finally annuls the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty, and at the moment that we are regulating the African continent in concert with European powers it absolutely excludes those powers from any kind of interference in the regulation of the American continent. The treaty proposes that this government shall construct a canal across the isthmus, and that Nicaragua shall cede a strip of territory from sea to sea, to be owned by the two contracting parties. This implies protection and defense, and should the Panama Canal be completed under French auspices, it implies also certain serious complications in that direction.

The general spirit of the MONROE doctrine, namely, that European powers must not assert or acquire upon this continent a control at which we do not aim in Europe, is undoubtedly acceptable to the American people. The original terms of Mr. MONROE contemplated only colonies and the extension of the European "system" to this continent, but the essential meaning of his declaration is evident. It is that we can not allow any menacing foreign foot-holds in our neighborhood. But if the allied guarantee of an isthmian canal is such a foot-hold, there is no question that we assented to it in the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty, and expressly stipulated that the guarantee was intended to establish "a general principle," and that we would extend the guarantee "to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America." No particular canal through Nicaragua is mentioned in the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty, and on the 10th of November, 1881, the British Foreign Office held that we were still bound by it. But in May, 1882, the Department of State held that the treaty was voidable at our pleasure, because of the British violation of it in taking possession of the Mosquito Coast. Here is evidently a question. If we wish to withdraw from the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty there is no reason why we should not withdraw courteously, nor is there any reason to suppose that England would object. Not to take this course seems to imply a consciousness on our part that objection might be made of which we should find it difficult to dispose. The joint ownership of a strip of foreign territory, with all that it involves of protection, garrison, and fortifications, is another question of the utmost importance. Yet if we are to have absolute control of an inter-ocean canal, it is well to consider whether such control is practicable without absolute command of the adjacent territory.

A SENATOR FROM NEW YORK.

THE election of a Senator of the United States from New York is a very important and a very significant event. New York is a State of more than five millions of people, of immense and various interests, and of imperial influence. Every citizen of the State is interested that its Senators, who are its two conspicuous national representatives, shall be of a character and dignity commensurate with the greatness of the commonwealth. As the election is made by a party majority in the Legislature, the natural expectation, upon any just theory of parties, would be that the party would select from its members that one who by character and ability, by public distinction and public service, and by strong convictions upon paramount public questions, and of a kind agreeable to his party, gave earnest of the highest usefulness to the country and to the State, and thereby of the highest honor and consequent advantage to the party. For a party is strengthened and commended to public confidence by the character of its candidates more than by any kind of petty politics, scheming, intrigue, or bargain. The reason is that a party which presents honest and fitting agents is properly believed to be of honest and wise purpose.

This natural expectation, however, is hardly satisfied by the spectacle of a score of politicians running hither and thither trying to "make combinations" to secure the choice of this or that man who would probably "unite the party," which means that he would use such patronage as he could command impartially among the party factions. But a party which exists for a legitimate party purpose is united by the selection of an able advocate or conspicuous representative of its principles and policy much more than by peddling patronage fairly. One of the most commanding questions of the time is civil service reform. But how many of the candidates thus far mentioned have any hearty interest in the question, or practical knowledge of it? The Legislature itself seems to be of the smallest account in the schemes of the players for the prize. The members are apparently pawns to be moved by professional politicians upon the outside. Thus it was stated the other day that Mr. BAKER, the Superintendent of State-prisons, had "taken away" two Assemblymen from the candidate of some other player, and had "fixed" them for his own candidate. We trust that the report does injustice to Mr. BAKER, but it does perfect justice to the methods by which the Senator is apparently to be selected. The people of the State will consider both the character of the candidate and the methods of his selection with great interest.

The vital questions which have thus far been suggested as determining the choice are whether the candidate was warm or cold toward Mr. BLAINE, whether his friends were properly "active," whether his supporters would agree to support this or that gentleman for Speaker of the Assembly as the price of his own support for the Senate, whether he is not too positive a "Stalwart" or "Half-breed," whether he would "recognize" all sides, and whether he is acceptable to this or that politician. But whether, being, of course, a Republican, he be also a man of Senatorial character, by eminence and conceded ability and personal standing a fitting national representative of New York; whether he comprehends great public questions, and is capable of practical dealing with them; whether he is a man of high public morality, of strong political convictions, of sincere sympathy with progressive political sentiment, and thoroughly and actually, not professedly, alive to the imperative necessity of administrative reform—in fine, whether he would be the agent of a knot of professional politicians, or the becoming representative of the interests of the people of New York in the Senate of the United States—are not questions which have been seriously considered. But these are the only pertinent questions, and they belong to the domain of most practical politics, for a great party immediately after defeat commends itself to public confidence and repairs its drooping head by nothing so surely as by nominating for the highest offices the men who are most worthy of them.

THE TREATY-MAKING POWER.

THE system of reciprocity treaties which is proposed by the Administration will open two important questions for debate—one is that of revenue legislation by treaty, the other is that of the treaty-making power itself. The Constitution confers this power upon the President and Senate, and makes a treaty, when properly negotiated, the supreme law of the land. But the Constitution requires the assent of both Houses of Congress to acts of legislation, and treaties often require legislation to make them effective. Commercial treaties especially affect the revenue, but the Constitution ordains that all bills for revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives. The power of Congress to repeal a treaty, so far as it is a municipal law and its subject-matter within the legislative power, has been affirmed by the Supreme Court. But Congress will interpret its own powers, and may obviously annul a treaty by legislation, as the President and Senate may modify or even repeal legislation by a treaty.

It is, in fact, another illustration of a kind of co-ordinate power. The President and the Senate may conclude a treaty which is the supreme law, and Congress may pass an act which, when approved, is the supreme law. But if the President and Senate should conclude a treaty which required legislation to become effective, and the House should decline to act, there would be no remedy. The result would be that no other government would conclude such a treaty with ours until it was satisfactorily assured that the necessary legislation would not be withheld. This conflict of authority appeared in the debate upon the JAY treaty soon after the government was organized. But we believe that no important treaty ever failed by the refusal of the House to pass the necessary acts to make it effective. It is, indeed, highly improbable that the President and two-thirds of the Senate should negotiate a treaty of importance against the opinion of the country as represented in the House; and the intent of the Constitution is so plain that it is equally improbable that the House would bring into question the good faith of the government toward another power by refusing, upon a mere point of procedure, to complete a convention properly concluded.

The questions that arise between co-ordinate authorities must be settled by patriotic good sense. Neither House can compel the other to act, and a refusal to act might bring the government to an end. But such a possibility need not alarm the most sensitive mind. Patriotic good sense, indeed, shows how easily all questions under the treaty-making clauses of the Constitution may be avoided by inserting in every treaty which requires legislation for its effect the simple provision that it shall not become effective until Congress has passed the necessary laws for the purpose. This provision is inserted in the FOSTER Spanish treaty and in the Mexican treaty, and it is a very proper provision in every commercial treaty, because such conventions affect the revenue.

MORAL BULLDOZING.

THE efforts of supporters of Mr. BLAINE to stigmatize and injure the Independent Republicans who opposed his election is a futile imitation of the old pro-slavery methods before the war, and of the bulldozing and Ku-Kluxery in the Southern States that followed the war. It shows all the viciousness of the old slavery spirit, and betrays a thorough ignorance and contempt of the essential principle of the Republican party. BLAINE church officers refuse to speak with the Independent church pastor, and some such pastors have been practically forced to resign; country merchants are boycotted; BLAINE combinations have been attempted—but wisely abandoned—to boycott Independent newspapers; lyceums largely composed of BLAINE supporters boycott Independent lecturers; and the Morristown *Jerseyman*, a BLAINE organ, publishes the following remarks in regard to a lecture which Mr. NAST consented to deliver in aid of one of the churches of the town: "It is possible some self-respecting Republicans may be found among his audience, but we hope they are not many. Mr. NAST is not a person for whom they can have a very warm affection at the present time." Mr. ST. JOHN has been burned in effigy, and it is stated that the countenance of BLAINE supporters has been withdrawn in some places from the prohibition cause.

The object of this conduct is that which was sought by the Southern bulldozers, to prevent conscientious action in politics, and to show to Republicans that if, for the highest reasons, they refuse to vote for the party candidates, they must expect as much odium and injury as the party organs can possibly cause. Were the political situation the same in the Northern as it was in the Southern States after the war, this spirit would proceed to personal violence. It seeks to destroy political freedom and independence by holding up to scorn every Republican who obeys his conscience, resorting even to so pitiful a trick as to "spot" a Republican who goes to hear a lecture by Mr. Nast, or Mr. Beecher, or Mr. Schurz, as a doubtful Republican. It serves as a contemptible and ludicrous travesty of the old French terror when to be suspected of being suspected was to begin to march to the guillotine.

Those who approve these efforts to coerce political independence call themselves especially good Republicans. Were their claim established, it would be the end of the Republican party, with the hearty consent of every truly patriotic and self-respecting man in this country. However necessary party may be in this country, and however desirable the ascendency of any party at any time, an infinitely greater necessity is the knowledge that unregulated party spirit is always the foe of liberty, because it supplants conscience in politics, which is the only sure guarantee of liberty. Conscience, indeed, is a word which may be easily abused, and introduced into politics it affects many politicians as the word patriotism affected Dr. Johnson. But the Republican party sprang from a moral conviction, and its strength lies not in its organization, but in the moral principle and freedom of its members.

HOW TO GIVE ALMS.

The Christmas and New-Year season brings the old and ever new question of charity to every humane heart. In a great city, when the days are short and the cold pinches, the poverty and suffering that are seen are pitiful, but those that are not seen are even more terrible, and the old saying that the poor ye have always with ye means that we must not be wearied nor disgusted with well-doing, but that we must constantly and patiently and carefully consider in what way the relief which must be given shall be given most wisely. The President of the New York State Board of Charities, Mr. William P. Letchworth, delivered an admirable address in October at the National Conference of Charities and Correction at St. Louis, in which he stated certain general principles of relief and reform. The occasion and the address were striking illustrations of the earnest and intelligent attention which the subject of charitable relief is now receiving, since pauperism and public and private charity have now become commanding questions. When the religious houses were closed in England, and the ecclesiastical system of the country was changed, charity ceased to be a professional question, and both pauperism and crime received little systematic, and what in the best sense may be called scientific, attention, until within this century.

According to the latest returns of the Census Bureau, cited by Mr. Letchworth, the number of criminals, inmates of reformatories, insane, idiots, other "defective" classes, paupers in almshouses and other "indigent" persons, exclusive of out-door paupers, is about 420,000, or about one in every 120. The State of New York spends every year for charitable purposes more than ten millions of dollars. The amount of private alms is incalculable, but it is immense. Here is an enormous sum, which, if not carefully and wisely expended, is merely fostering public evils and perils. Consequently the great value of scientific treatment of the subject is apparent. Study, comparison, and observation show that a very large proportion of pauperism, crime, and insanity springs from the violation of well-known sanitary laws, and hence preventive measures are seen to be the most effective and the most economical. Again, it is found that pauperism is hereditary. The root of pauper stock is most tenacious, and it can be extirpated only by persistent care. The charity organizations, both State and local, therefore, are not amateur and sentimental movements; they are parts of a great public policy involving both the economical and the moral welfare of the State.

This consideration imposes upon every good citizen a duty. No such citizen will willingly conspire against that welfare by perplexing or thwarting a wise policy of charity. Yet mere thoughtless almsgiving in the street and at the door directly opposes that policy. The reason for the carelessness is the unwillingness not to relieve suffering, and the inability to devote time and care to ascertain whether the suffering is real. The true course, therefore, is not to refuse relief because there is not time to ascertain if it be actually needed, but to secure the inquiry which can not be personally made. This can be done by referring it to the organized agents of such inquiry, such as the Charity Organization Society, or the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. This can be done either by tickets or by application, and the trouble is only that which every person should be willing to take as his personal tax toward an alms-giving which helps instead of harms. In general a giver may be sure that the money which he gives in the street is merely dropped into the till of the nearest rum-shop. Yet this knowledge must not reconcile him to refuse all giving, but inspire him to give humanely and intelligently.

DEMOCRATS AND REFORM.

An Iowa Republican writes:

> "Time may disprove present appearances, but in my judgment the most bitter foes to-day of civil service reform are the Blaine Republicans. I think there is an honest intention among the Democrats to follow Mr. Cleveland and hurra for him if he redeems his pledges on this question. The purpose of the Blaine crowd is to taunt Democrats into an attitude of hostility to the civil service rules."

This view of Democratic support is justified by the extract that we published last week from an admirable article in the Memphis *Avalanche*, showing the clear comprehension of the situation held by a leading Democratic paper in Tennessee. The Burlington *Gazette*, the most powerful Democratic journal in Iowa, takes a similar view:

> "The Democratic party is as solemnly committed to the principle of civil service reform as it is to tariff reduction and reform. It has just elected a President who has more of a record as a genuine reformer in this direction and a determined foe of the old spoils system than any man who has ever yet been elected to that office. He will regard the improvement of methods of administration as the great work to which the four years of his term will be devoted. In every honest step Mr. Cleveland may take toward getting the government business down to business principles, and enforcing the maxim that 'public office is a public trust,' he will have the hearty support of the rank and file of the Democratic party. Four years hence, two years hence, it will be no more possible to go back to the spoils system than to re-instate slavery. Movements of this kind do not move backward. They continually go forward. Civil service reform has come to stay."

These declarations are no more to be doubted than those of any Republican journal which honestly advocates reform. A Southern delegate at large to the Convention that nominated Mr. Cleveland asserts that there are thousands of Democrats in that part of the country who heartily agree with Mr. Cleveland's views upon this subject. There is no doubt that he will have a most cordial support in his party for a vigorous policy of reform, and it is certain that his administration can establish the reformed system beyond reversal by any President or party.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

In a speech of admirable tone President Arthur, standing by the telegraph in the White House, opened the New Orleans Exposition. It was another illustration of his happy tact upon such occasions, and, with the event itself, it was very significant. Those who remember what seems, almost as of yesterday, so vivid is the recollection, the news from Farragut and Butler, and who now read the account of the Exposition and of its auspicious opening, can not but feel prouder than ever that they are Americans, and resolve to draw more closely the ties that bind the national Union fast.

The display of the results of the inventive talent and industrial activity of the colored citizens will be one of the most interesting and suggestive departments of the Exposition, and it is not less significant of the happy changes and progress which the event commemorates that the head of this department is Mr. Blanche K. Bruce, an ex-Senator of the United States, and the present Register of the Treasury. The Exposition itself is an evidence of the energy and enterprise of the citizens of the Southern States which will be most agreeable and beneficent to the country.

The great reason for extreme Southern and Northern sectionalism in politics and sympathy has disappeared, and the consequences of such sectionalism are passing away. The enfranchisement of the slaves threw upon the old Slave States a problem with which they were at first ill fitted to grapple. It was decided, however, and wisely, that its solution must be left to themselves. The situation and the difficulties are undoubtedly great. But every patriotic citizen will gladly and heartily aid them in their task.

PARTY PURGATION.

Mr. St. John, the late Prohibitionist candidate for the Presidency, has been persistently maligned by a part of the Republican press and burned in effigy by Republican mobs. The charges against him are in substance that he was hired by the Democrats to run against Mr. Blaine, and also that the Republicans hired him not to say anything against Mr. Blaine in his speeches.

Mr. St. John has written a letter stigmatizing all such stories as absolutely false. His denial is detailed and complete, and it will be accepted by all honest men. There is no more reason to doubt that the temperance party and its candidates were honest than there is to doubt the honesty of the Republicans and their candidates in the early days of the party. Mr. St. John says truly, and to the shame of his Republican traducers, that he loyally gave to the Republican party twenty-eight years' service,

> "during which time it found 'no evil in me,' and not even the Democrats charged me with dishonesty. But now we find this same party, born as it was of a spirit of freedom, burning and hanging its political opponents in effigy, as the pro-slavery men hanged and burned the Abolitionists thirty years ago; while its partisan press exhibits a bitter spirit of intolerance that puts to shame the same spirit for which it so vehemently during the last campaign denounced the Democrats of the South."

When the Republican managers in varions places have effectually excluded from the party President Arthur and the Stalwarts, and Mr. St. John and the temperance men, and the Independent Republicans and the lukewarm and indifferent supporters of Mr. Blaine, who are the sinners of this year, they will naturally proceed to expel Mr. Blaine and the Republicans who took his hint not to vote for Mr. Folger in 1882, and of course the scratchers of 1879. They will then see justice done upon Mr. Depew and Mr. Hiscock and the New York *Tribune* and the "Liberal Republicans" for bolting the Republican nomination of General Grant in 1872; and if there be any survivors of the Seward-Weed-Raymond-Johnson war of 1866, they also must be banished. And after these disciplinary purgations and expurgations of traitors, renegades, disloyalists, and Mugwumps, the party will be purified into what the late Hugh Hastings would have called with contemptuous energy "a —— pretty lunch party!"

PERSONAL.

Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson's recent *exposé* of the critic who gave to a wood-engraver the credit that belonged to Mr. Gibson himself leads a well-known New York author to remark: "This is one of the rare instances where an artist can prove a critic to be wrong. It is therefore very notable. If Mr. Gibson's landscape had really been reproduced by a wood-engraver, as was claimed, and not by a mechanical process, the artist might with equal justice have objected to the critic's criticism; only in that case its falseness could never have been demonstrated."

—Mr. Edmund Gosse's determination, soon after arriving in this country, to drop the middle "W." from his signature, is quite in a line with a special American custom. Not a few eminent men in art, letters, and journalism hereabouts have recently followed a similar practice, especially with respect to the initial of a first name.

—Two prelates most conspicuously mentioned in connection with the successorship to Cardinal M'Closkey, of this city, are Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, and Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore.

—Charles Dickens in a letter to a friend: "Another generation begins to peep above the table. I once used to think what a horrible thing it was to be a grandfather. Finding that the calamity falls upon me without perceiving any other change in myself, I bear it like a man."

—The new mansion of Governor Scales, of North Carolina, is one of the handsomest architectural features of Raleigh. It is of brick, trimmed with the largest blocks of brown sandstone ever quarried in the State. This stone has remarkable richness of color and firmness of texture, and its fine possibilities for building purposes have not elsewhere been so adequately shown as in Governor Scales's house.

—Governor Stanford, of California, has erected a massive mausoleum of stone and brick, the floor of white marble, and the ceiling beautifully frescoed, and showing stained-glass windows. In it is a sarcophagus of Carrara marble, bearing the inscription: "Born in Mortality, May 14, 1868, Leland Stanford, Jun. Passed to Immortality March 13, 1884." There is only one key to the lock of the door of the mausoleum, and this is in the constant possession of the dead youth's mother.

—Mr. Bissell, for many years the law partner of President-elect Cleveland, is a man of strong parts, a bachelor, and a clear-headed jurist. He weighs more than two hundred pounds, and is greatly respected in Buffalo.

—On resigning the Archbishopric of Dublin, Dr. Trench voluntarily relinquished the usual retiring allowance of $12,500 a year. His unselfishness has attracted some attention, though to those who know him, even through his books, it caused no surprise.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is distinguishing herself by her able and successful management of the department of woman's work at the New Orleans Exposition. She has collected a vast amount of instructive and highly interesting material, and has inspired the co-operation of some of the leading ladies of this city. It is one of the pleasantest signs of the times that so typical a Northern woman should receive so warm a welcome at the South.

—General William Preston, of Kentucky, was dining some time ago with Sir Garnet Wolseley, when the latter asked if the South could not have held out longer. "As a mere matter of physical endurance, yes," replied the general; "but do you know, sir, that in the four years through which we passed the South alone, with its few millions of people, lost more men in battle than England did in all her wars from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria?" General Preston was chief of staff to General Albert Sidney Johnston, and held him when he breathed his last at the battle of Shiloh.

—General Wade Hampton, it is said, intended to send to the New Orleans Exposition a wonderful tame crow which could talk much more fluently than Edgar Poe's raven. Its favorite phrase was "Hello! how are you?" and on one occasion it put to flight a large flock of crows by appearing in the midst of them and uttering the words.

—Mr. Labouchere: "The Emperor William has a sagacious aversion to washing dirty linen in public, and never forgives any royal personage whose indiscretion causes a scandal. 'Do nothing; say nothing; time will put everything to rights.' This is his invariable answer when one member of his family comes to complain of another."

—Julian Hawthorne is an athlete and a sportsman, fond of long walks and of out-doors. He talks in low tones, both on the lyceum platform and off it. His manners are modest and reserved, without shyness or affectation. He is about five feet eleven inches high, and weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His friends say that he can prepare more "copy," and feel less tired over it, than any other American author.

—Governor Richard J. Oglesby, of Illinois, remembers that he came near drowning when a boy. "I counted distinctly the number of times I sank, and when I started to go down the third time I said to myself, 'Here goes the third and last time; now I am dead.' Every event of my life passed before me with vivid distinctness, but without creating any peculiar feeling. I felt that I was dead, and a sweeter death one can not die."

—During the last year of her life, Matilda Heron, the actress, wrote an autobiography, full of interesting stories of herself and her contemporaries on the stage. She pledged the MS. to an old landlady for board, and gave her also an oil-painting of herself as Camille in one of the fashionable costumes of twenty years ago; the hair is brought down flat over the forehead and ears.

—Dr. Bridges, the organist of Westminister Abbey, has written some music for Mr. Gladstone's Latin version of the old hymn "Rock of Ages," but it is not likely to replace the tune to which the familiar words have so long been sung.

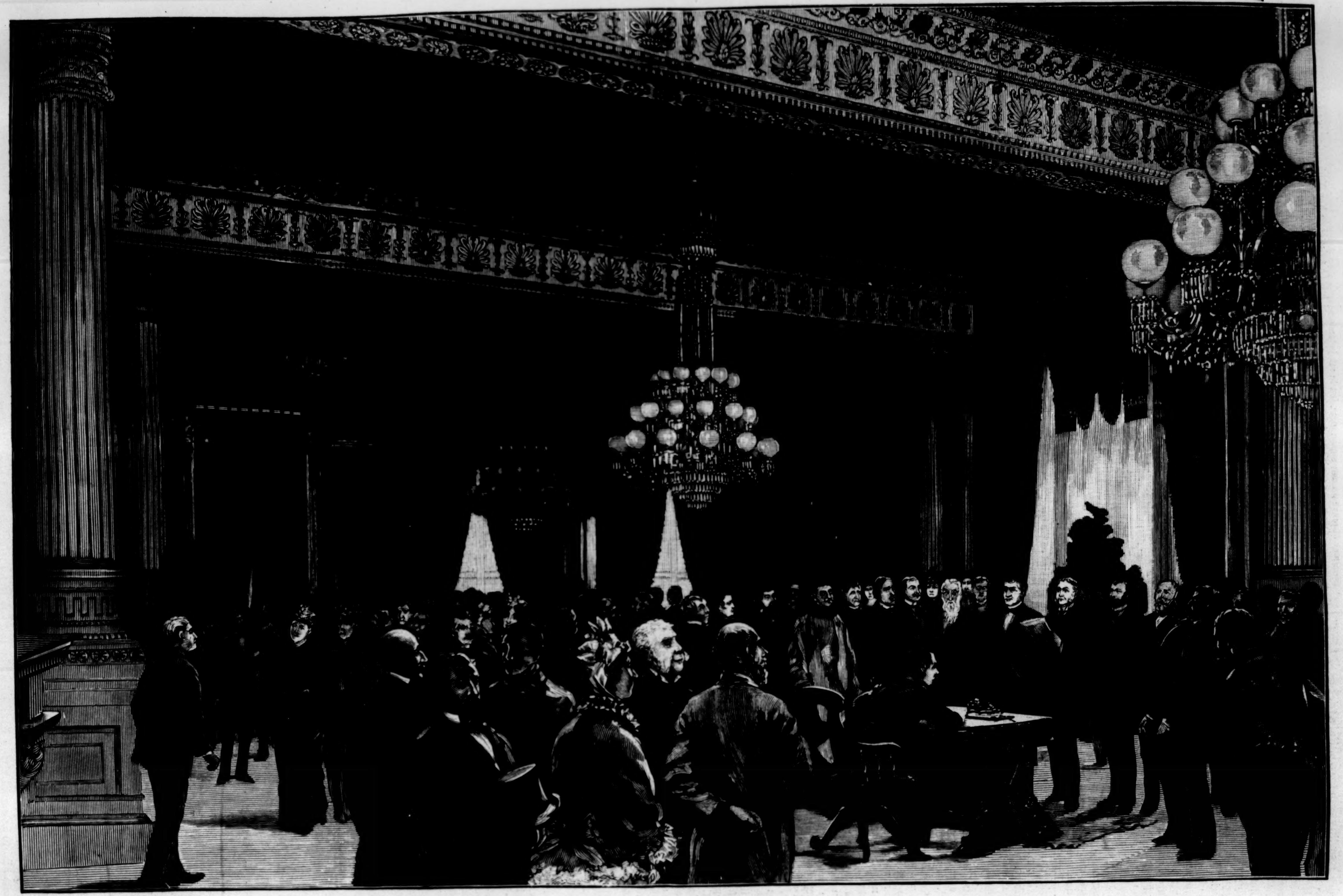
—"A widower with three children," wrote Miss Jane Austen, in a letter recently published, "has no right to look higher [for a wife] than his daughter's governess."

—William H. Beard, W. Hamilton Gibson, J. W. Champney, Walter Satterlee, Miss Dora Wheeler, and Miss F. Bridges are among the artists who have contributed designs to the beautiful Christmas and New-Year's cards issued this year by Messrs. L. Prang & Co. The first prize for designs for their Christmas cards for next year was awarded at the recent competitive exhibition to C. D. Weldon, the second to Will H. Low, the third to Thomas Moran, and the fourth to Frederic Dielman.

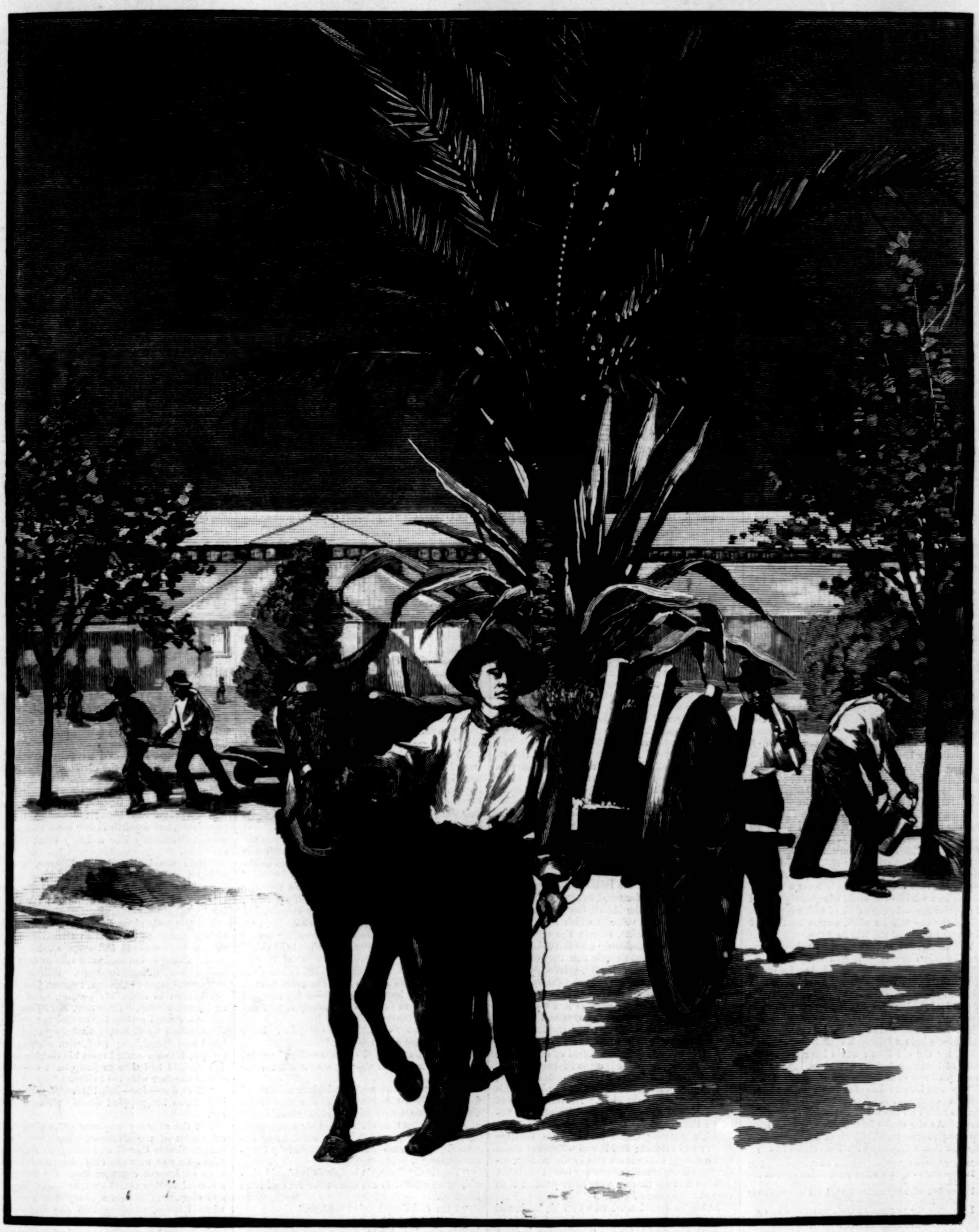
—Our esteemed contemporary the *Commercial Advertiser*, which was never so bright, temperate, and able as under its present management, is publishing weekly new short stories by American authors, the list including the names of Julian Hawthorne, George Parsons Lathrop, J. S. of Dale, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Helen Jackson, Marion Harland, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and others whose fiction interests the intelligent reader.

—Mr. John Burroughs has been building a house of dark slate, veined with quartz, the stones so arranged as to produce varied and beautiful low color effects, while the interior is treated on the same plan, with many kinds of native woods, unpainted and showing their several grains, and with grayish or russet wall-papers, the whole producing a nest-like effect, which his favorite birds would scarcely shun.

—The Knickerbocker Subscription Agency has been reorganized under a new management, and announces that it is prepared to receive and promptly fill all orders for subscriptions to periodicals.



OPENING THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—CEREMONIES IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 855.]



THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—PLANTING TREES.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN DURKIN.

THE NEW SOUTH AT NEW ORLEANS.

SCARCELY any feature of the World's Fair in New Orleans can more strikingly signalize its character than the manner in which it was opened. An "opening by telegraph" is a novelty in industrial exhibitions, and although it was adopted by reason only of the mischances which prevented the President from making his announcement in person, it had a felicity that could have been bettered by no deliberation. The mystery which still in some degree invests to ordinary minds the instantaneous transmission of intelligence did not lesson the dignity of the inaugural ceremonies. That the city which in the old days was the seat and centre of the old-world sentiment that made the South a land apart should be shown, by the very form of announcing the most noteworthy event of her local history since the echoes of FARRAGUT'S guns died away on the river, to be in electric sympathy with the modern world, is surely of happy augury. This "opening by telegraph" strikes the key-note of the Exposition, and lends it to all Americans a far greater and more intimate interest than would attach to the mere fact of the beginning of an international exhibition in the tenth city of the Union.

Happily the inaugural ceremonies were all marked by simplicity and good taste, and marred only by an annoying delay, which held in suspense alike the waiting thousands in the main building of the Exposition and the waiting scores of official dignitaries in the East Room of the White House. The President's reply to the address of the managers, like all his official utterances, was marked by the graceful tact which is shown quite as much in what it suppresses as in what it inspires. The commercial treaties now pending between the United States and the States of Central America give a peculiar interest to an exhibition held in the city the chief commerce of which is supplied by those States. But as these commercial treaties are the most ambitious efforts in diplomacy of Mr. ARTHUR'S administration, and as their ratification is involved in doubt, there would have been something unbefitting in a direct allusion to them by the President, whose references to the Central American trade were quite sufficient to call up in the minds of the hearers and readers of his remarks the considerations to which he discreetly forbore to give utterance.

The Exposition is intrinsically one of the most noteworthy that have been held. In the descriptions we constantly come upon the superlative degree—"the largest in the world." The main building, which is also "Machinery Hall," is in dimensions 1378 feet by 905, making the enormous aggregate of 1,247,090 square feet, which must be very much greater than that of any permanent building extant. The Horticultural Hall, which, as at Philadelphia, is a permanent acquisition to the park of the city, is also of great dimensions—600 feet by 194. The Government Building is several times larger than this—885 feet by 565. We have not the figures for comparison at hand, but this must be a far larger inclosure than that devoted to the government at the Centennial, and it seems to be agreed by experts that the exhibit which it houses is the most complete and creditable showing that the various departments of the government have ever combined to make.

It is announced that the projectors of the American Exhibition intended to be held in London next year are endeavoring to secure this collection in its entirety—a laudable purpose, in which it is to be hoped they may succeed, since it is even more desirable that the government should be creditably represented abroad than at home.

Apart from the typical and usual features of a world's fair, the Exposition contains several collections of a quite special interest and value. Mexico can never have been so completely represented before without, or indeed within, her own borders. Besides a "head-quarters" for the Mexican Commissioners and a Mexican exhibition building, the republic occupies a floor space of 50,000 feet in the main building. Perhaps the most interesting of all the exhibits, and certainly the most novel, is the special exhibition of the colored people of the South. The most interesting social question of this country, and the most important, is the question what progress the freedmen of the South are making toward that industrial independence and that diffused intelligence without which political liberty is of little value, and may be a positive injury. This question, the most important of all for us to have answered, has been also one of the most difficult questions to get any light upon, while of what Bacon calls "dry light" we may be said to have none at all. It is much to be hoped that this exhibition may turn out to be really representative of the colored people of the South. In that case the social philosopher may find in the New Orleans Exposition more data of value to him than all the books of travel in the South put together can give him, or even than he can extract from the pages of the census.

Aside from its merits, the fact that this collection forms a part of the Exposition at New Orleans is encouraging, and what may be called symptomatic. The details of the Exposition may be left for the future reports of trained and untrained observers, the specialists of various branches of knowledge, and the glittering generalists of the daily press. The most impressive aspect in which it can be viewed is the general aspect suggested by the mere fact of an international industrial exhibition in New Orleans. It was just before the war that Thackeray celebrated "the quaint old France" which he found "lingering by the shore of the Mississippi." It is since the war that Mr. Cable has piously gathered the relics of this quaint old France and cunningly woven them into forms that may well outlast all the visible symbols New Orleans has still to show, not merely of the French domination before Jefferson's Louisiana purchase, but of the old South that was before the war. The memories of that old South, so far as they are bitter, have passed, or are almost passing, away, and all that remains in the minds of those who remember the South before the war is a glorified picture of a land that never was. It is the new South that is "exposed" in the New Orleans Exposition. Long after the war were heard the complaints of Southern men wonted to the old ways that the labor system of the South was hopelessly destroyed. Now these complaints are silenced by the evidences of statistics that greater crops of cotton can be planted and gathered by the enfranchised blacks than were ever raised by slave labor, and by the overwhelming evidence the Exposition itself presents that the South was never so rich and never so powerful as now, not twenty years after the close of a war in which her fields were ravaged and left desolate. But still more striking and gratifying is the evidence given in the very fact of the Exposition that the South has become a part of the modern world—the world of equal rights and of no privileges—in the midst of which the South before the war was an alien, a stray survival of the feudal world of the Middle Ages.

The Exposition has its greatest value, we repeat, in this showing. It is a visible and impressive symbol of the complete industrial union of the States. There is no longer a North or a South in business or in society, and what remains of political sectionalism can not long survive the disappearance of commercial and social sectionalism. An "industrial exhibition" in the old South would have been a failure, if it had been a possibility, for the old South would have had no results of Southern industry to show beyond the crude products of a despised and servile labor. But no more fitting token of the wholesome change that has come over the South could be given than that to which all the world is invited at New Orleans. As she exults in the possession of treasure-houses stored with objects of use and beauty, the new South may say with Tennyson's lover:

"Myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind.
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind;
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assigned."

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

GETTING AT THE FAVORITE.

Dollie hurried away from the Rutland with Cuthbert Elliston's words ringing in her ears, "I'll take care the Dancing Master don't start," and she felt certain that he would, if possible, make good his word. She had caught but a fragment of their conversation, but it was quite enough to make her thoroughly understand the situation. It was evident from Pearson's speech that the two men hoped to win a very large stake over Caterham, and equally clear that they were afraid of the Dancing Master upsetting their plan, and were much disconcerted by his unexpected appearance at Newmarket. She knew her father was to see them that morning—indeed, had expected to find him with them. From Elliston's words she thought it was pretty clear that he not only had seen them, but had refused to strike the Dancing Master out of the Cambridgeshire. "If Greyson won't take orders he must take consequences;" that surely could only mean that her father had declined to obey his patrons on this point, and Dollie was much too conversant with turf history not to know that when Elliston said he would take care the horse should not start, foul play of some kind was contemplated.

Were all Gerald's hopes to be frustrated in this wise? No! Something must be done to prevent it! What villainy was meditated? She must see Gerald at once. He would know what was best to be done. It was clear there was no time to be lost; but where was she to find him? She did not know where he lodged, and it was getting time for the day's racing to commence. Once on the Heath, he might be so engaged as to leave no opportunity for speaking with him the whole afternoon. And yet she felt sure that her news would brook no delay in the telling. At last she bethought herself of the stables where her father's charges were standing, and made her way thither.

The first person she encountered in the yard was Joe Butters, who, seated on an upturned stable bucket, was solacing himself with a tankard of mild ale and a little tobacco, previous to commencing his duties on the course.

"Where is Mr. Rockingham?" inquired Dollie. "I must speak with him at once, Joe! Do you think you could find him?"

"Well, miss," replied Butters, as he leisurely rose from his seat, "Mr. Rockingham cantered up to the Heath about ten minutes ago. He said he had to see Lord Whitby before the racing began."

"But you are going up with the horses, Joe?"

"Yes, miss, in about half an hour. We've nothing in the first two races."

"Well, of course you'll see Mr. Rockingham."

"I don't know about to speak to. You see, Jim—I mean Mr. Rockingham—don't ride for us as a rule, though I do hear he's to ride the Dancer to-morrow. My word, Miss Dollie, but we ought to set the bells ringing at Riddleton this time. Why, if the Dancer only tries, our pair ought to finish first and second for the Cambridgeshire."

"And which do you like the best, Joe?" inquired the girl, eagerly.

"Well, I've got my pound on Caterham. You see, he is a horse you can depend upon. If you was only going to ride the Dancer yourself, Miss Dollie, I fancy he would win far enough."

"Never mind that. You shall have a pound on the Dancer with me. He ran straight enough with Mr. Rockingham before, Joe; and, mind, he will again to-morrow. Now listen to what I've got to say to you. If you can not see Mr. Rockingham yourself, you must manage to get this message sent to him: say that I wish to see him on a matter of the greatest importance as soon as possible."

"All right, miss; I'll manage it somehow. Mr. Rockingham will know where you are, I suppose?"

"Yes; he has only to ask father. Don't forget—of the greatest importance, remember." And with an emphatic little nod Dollie walked quickly away to prepare for the Heath.

Mr. Greyson had chartered, to convey Mrs. Greyson and Dollie to the Heath, one of those mysterious ramshackle vehicles which seem almost peculiar to Newmarket, though the race-course fly has a family resemblance all over the country. One peculiarity about them is that they occasionally have an equine celebrity, grievously fallen from his high estate, between the shafts. I remember seeing in a Stockbridge trap of this description a horse whose parents had both taken classic honors at Epsom; his sire had won the Derby, his mother the Oaks; and similar glories had been expected from him in his youth. And this, after all, was the termination of his career!

The racing proved, as is often the case at Newmarket on an off day, of a very tame description; and Dollie awaited the advent of her lover with scarce-controlled impatience. The one feature of the afternoon's sport was when, in intervals between the races, the Cambridgeshire was introduced, a growing desire to back the Dancing Master was evident; and it was whispered about that a strong commission was in the market, although not apparently emanating from the stable. Elliston and his partner were more puzzled than ever at the aspect of affairs.

At length Gerald cantered up on his hack, and raised his hat amidst the admiring stare of the surrounding crowd, for the "gentleman jockey" was by this time not only well known but immensely popular. Quickly it was buzzed about that the ladies "Jim Forrest was a-talking to" were the wife and daughter of Bill Greyson, who owned the now first favorite for the Cambridgeshire; for Lord Whitby's heavy commission, on the top of the big investments of Sir Marmaduke and his friends, had at length placed the Dancing Master at the head of the poll, and it was by this time no secret that "the gentleman jockey," as his admirers delighted to call him, would ride that erratic animal.

"Ten thousand pardons, Dollie dearest; but I only got your message an hour or so ago, and am so busy I couldn't get here before. As it is, I have had to bucket my hack unmercifully. Good-day, Mrs. Greyson: the sport is not of much account this afternoon; but if we get the black and crimson home first to-morrow, it won't be a dull week, you know, altogether."

"And you will, won't you, Mr. Rockingham?"

"I hope so," he replied, laughing. "And now, Dollie," he continued, lowering his voice, "what is it? I've no time to lose, as I must get back to ride Grand Turk in the next race."

"There is something wrong about the Dancing Master, Gerald. I overheard Cuthbert Elliston say that he would take care he didn't start."

"Ha!—who to?" inquired Rockingham, eagerly.

"To Mr. Pearson."

"And there was no one else present; and they don't know you overheard them?"

"There were only those two in the room; and I feel sure they don't know I was within earshot."

"This must be seen to as soon as possible. Both Elliston and Pearson are on the course; I have seen them. Meet me at the stables as soon as you can. I shall ride straight back after the next race, as I have no mount in the concluding one. I have proved a little too much for Cuthbert once or twice already, and I shouldn't wonder if I do again. Good-by, Dollie, for the present. On you go, 'Captain Barclay,'" and Gerald just pressed his hack with his knees, and the docile brute swung into a hand-canter at once, and in obedience to his master's hand made his way to the starting-post for the Bretby Stakes Course.

Gerald called his hack after the famous pedestrian, saying he was always doing his 1000 miles over the Heath after the manner of his godfather.

Dollie found little difficulty in persuading her mother to leave the course before the last race. It was the good lady's first visit to Newmarket, and to tell the truth she was not very favorably impressed with it. She found it dull. At York she had lots of friends and acquaintances to chat with, which to her was half the fun of a race-meeting. Then the perpetual change of course bothered her, and she came to the conclusion that they managed these things infinitely better in the North, so that she was quite willing to drive home to tea as soon as her daughter suggested it.

Her mother once comfortably deposited in their lodgings, Dollie immediately slipped down to the stables, where she found Gerald awaiting her, and at once told him her story.

Gerald listened very attentively, and when she had finished, said:

"There can be no doubt about it. They have, I know, backed Caterham to win them a very large stake, and the appearance of the Dancer on the scene has frightened them. Your father has most likely told them, if he chooses to run kind, the gray will beat them, and also declined to scratch the horse. Elliston undoubtedly means foul play of some sort. I shall sleep in the stable, and watch the Dancer's box myself to-night, and take care that either Butters or myself is with him till the Cambridgeshire's over. Now run home, and say nothing to any one of what you have overheard. Good-by, dearest; I should have come up to spend the evening, but don't expect to see anything of me now till after the race."

No sooner had Dollie disappeared than Gerald went in search of Butters. That worthy was speedily found in the immediate vicinity, discussing the race with some of his own class, and giving it as his opinion that one of the Riddleton pair would win. Further pressed upon the subject, he informed his hearers that he preferred Caterham himself, but that Mr. Forrest was the greatest horseman of the day, and, with the Dancing Master in his hands, there was no knowing what might happen.

Just as he delivered himself of this oracular opinion, the gentleman jockey himself appeared, and was immediately an object of great attraction to the little knot of stablemen to whom Mr. Butters had been holding forth.

"Here, Joe, I want you," exclaimed Gerald.

"All right, Mr. Rockingham. What is it?" replied Butters, not a little gratified to show the intimate terms he was on with the great man to the little circle he was leaving—a bit of snobbism common to people of infinitely higher station than Joe Butters.

"I want to see the horses at once, Joe. Have you got the key of the stable?"

"I've one, and Mr. Greyson another," replied Butters, as he led the way thither without further comment.

They entered the stable, which consisted of four loose boxes and a couple of roomy stalls. One of these latter contained a considerable amount of clean straw. The other was empty, save for a large corn-bin which stood in its entrance. The boxes were all tenanted by Greyson's charges.

"This is the Dancer's box, isn't it?" said Gerald, as he walked to the one at the far end from the door.

"Yes; and Caterham's next him."

Gerald opened the box and went in. The horse looked round, and gave a low whinny of recognition. He was evidently in the very bloom of condition—his coat shone like satin, and his eye, clear and bright, denoted that the animal was in perfect health. Gerald cast a keen glance at the horse's legs, and saw they were clean and fat, such as gladden the heart of a trainer. He walked up to the Dancer and examined him closely. He was apparently satisfied with the result of his examination, for as he closed the box door behind him he muttered, "All's safe so far."

"Now, Joe," he continued aloud, "what you and I have got to do is this—one or other of us must never leave the horse till after to-morrow's race. I've just heard, on good authority, that they are determined to get at him."

"What! Do you mean to say," said Butters, "that any one intends to nobble the Dancer?"

"So I hear, Joe; but not if we know it."

"Why, who's going to do it?"

"Never mind that," replied Gerald. "The horse is all right. Now you and I will keep watch here to-night, and take very good care they don't. If my information is correct, we shall see who they are. It is gratifying in one way, at all events. It shows they think as highly of his chance as I do. Now be off and get something to eat as quick as you can, and then come back to me."

On Butters relieving guard, Gerald slipped out on a similar errand, and on his return said, "Now, Joe, we shall have to pass the night here. You can lie down amongst the straw and go to sleep. I can trust you to stick to me in a row, but you know, Joe, I can't trust you to keep awake."

"Well, Mr. Rockingham, I've a way of dropping off, and the worst of it is, I sleep that heavy that I take a good deal of waking."

"All right; you go and lie down. Very little sleep does for me, and I'll get that toward morning. In the mean while I'll keep watch."

That the spirit may be willing but the flesh weak is a very world-worn axiom, and to no one did it apply more forcibly than to Mr. Butters. He would spare himself in no wise to secure success and glory to Riddleton, but in the matter of watchfulness and abstinence he was frail. He could not keep awake by night nor abstain from the flesh-pots by day. He sighed over his somnolency and cravings for pastry, and shuddered at the sight of a weighing-machine, but he knew his failings, and that to wrestle with them was beyond him. It was with a sigh of relief he heard the *rôle* assigned to him, and received his orders.

"You can depend upon me, Mr. Rockingham," said Joe, as he nestled down amongst the straw. "I a'nt good, perhaps, at keeping my eyes open, but I am all there when I am wanted. You can depend upon me, Mr. Rockingham. I'm all there—all, all," and here a low snore terminated Mr. Butters's protestations of fealty.

Gerald seated himself on the corn-bin and commenced his vigil. With the big stake he had on the morrow, and accustomed to do with but little sleep, he felt no inclination to close his eyes. Could his cousin be such a scoundrel as actually to meditate laming or poisoning the Dancing Master, or had he such confidence in his old influence over Greyson as to feel sure that he could persuade him to scratch the horse? No; his first impression was right. Greyson had doubtless declined to do that, and Elliston had resolved to disable the horse before the race. Would he attempt this himself? Hardly. He doubtless could lay his hand upon plenty of instruments to do his bidding if they were only well paid for it. Then his thoughts reverted upon the race to-morrow, and how he should ride it. "Yes," he muttered, "he's a free horse, and runs best in front. He's thrown in as far as the weight goes, and if he does his best I'm afraid of nothing. I'll come right through and strangle the lot." Suddenly there was a slight glimmer of light beneath the bottom of the door, and a low grating sound, as of some one softly trying the lock.

"A skeleton key," said Gerald to himself, as he slipped quietly off the corn-bin and crouched down behind it.

The door opened, and two men entered; the first carried a dark lantern, the slide of which he drew cautiously back; the second, a short, pursy man, had a twitch in one hand, and a short stick, marvellously like a heavy office ruler, in the other.

"Hold the lantern," said Elliston, in a low whisper. "If I get the twitch on, I'll make him shin-sore artistically; if not, I must lame him clumsily with one blow. Come on; it's the far box."

The two stole along toward the Dancing Master's box, and as they did so Gerald rose from behind the corn-bin and crept stealthily after them. Absorbed in their own villainy they failed to hear his cautious footsteps. Elliston's hand was on the latch of the box, Pearson just raising the lantern to assist his partner, when Gerald exclaimed, quietly, "Drop that, Mr. Elliston."

For a second or two the confederates were so disconcerted by discovery that they stood paralyzed and speechless; then, with a savage execration, Elliston rushed upon his cousin, and before Gerald had time to jump back struck him across the face with the twitch.

"Here, Joe—Joe—help!" shouted young Rockingham, as he grappled fiercely with his assailant.

But the attorney was now quite alive to the exigencies of the situation, quite clear to him that to disable Gerald and escape as speedily as might be was now the only chance of averting most unpleasant consequences. He dodged for a second or two round the two struggling men, and was about to aim a heavy blow at Gerald, when Butters, plunging into the fray, caused him to look to himself, and the short, heavy stick descended sharply upon Joe's cranium, instead of young Rockingham's, stretching the former senseless on the ground. At this juncture Gerald wrenched himself clear of his antagonist, and immediately took advantage of his position to commence out-fighting, and administer a sharp left-hander between the eyes that sent Elliston reeling against the sides of Caterham's box. Taking in the state of things at once, Gerald sprang upon the attorney, and before Pearson was quite aware of the attack, had snatched the stick from his hand. There was no time to be lost; Pearson threw down the lantern and made for the door, which his confederate had already gained. The diversion was successful; in his anxiety to possess himself of the lantern before harm should come from it, for Pearson had cast it perilously near the straw, Gerald neglected pursuit; and when that necessary act was accomplished, came to the hasty conclusion that it was better to succor Butters and soothe the horses, already disturbed and uneasy at the unusual noise, than follow the fugitives, both of whom he had recognized.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

There was great excitement at Newmarket in the course of the next morning, for, despite the precautions of Gerald, it had oozed out that there had been a daring attempt to get at the favorite during the night. Except to Greyson, Gerald had breathed no word of his nocturnal adventure, and he had cautioned Butters to be equally reticent. Joe had held his tongue pretty fairly, still he but lamely explained his cut head, and had not the *sang-froid* to emulate his companion's coolness, who, if questioned about how he came by the mark on his cheek, replied, curtly, "No matter." In the betting world, both in London and at Newmarket, the rush to get on the Dancing-Master was tremendous, and even staggered the Ring, cool as that philosophical body ordinarily is. The outlays of Sir Marmaduke and his followers, coupled with that of Lord Whitby, completely ran away with the public's own judgment. Notwithstanding the many disappointments the horse had occasioned them, they argued that the astute Baronet would never have trusted him once more unless upon unexceptional grounds. It was rumored that, although running in Greyson's name, he was still Sir Marmaduke's property, that he had won a tremendous trial, and was seven pounds in front of Caterham. Then this was Lord Whitby's year; everything he touched came off, and decades of bad luck were being rapidly avenged. Backers are notoriously superstitious, and many of them much given to following a lucky jockey, a lucky horse, a lucky stable, or even coincidences. In 1869, when the followers of the cherry and black remembered that Sir Joseph Hawley had won the Derby in the years 1858 and 1859, and that he had won it again in 1868, what wonder they hardened their hearts and looked upon it that he was bound to win it twice running in each decade, and dashed down their money on unlucky Pero in consequence? Old horses allotted light weights have many times shown a marvellous recovery of their juvenile form in the Cambridgeshire, and for all these reasons combined the public went wild about the Dancing Master, and the fielders shortened their price hourly.

There were many old hands who had intrusted their money to Caterham, and many others whose eggs were in other baskets—men who could not get over the horse's uncertain temper, and were themselves no believers in his ultimate victory—yet they all agreed such a red-hot favorite they never remembered in all their experience; and though no doubt there were exceptions they could all point to, yet these red-hot favorites generally won, or, at the worst, made their opponents tremble in their shoes. So that even those cool, unprejudiced race-goers who were ranged against the self-willed gray had conceived a great respect for his chance. Then there was that now-announced fact that he was to be the gentleman jockey's mount, and that at once ranged all the women on his side; and if in our gradually advancing civilization there are people so innocent as to believe that ladies of the present day, or, for the matter of that, of many days past, do not bet, the writer respects their simplicity, and would not willingly disturb such credulity.

"I don't know quite what to think of it all, Mr. Rockingham," said the trainer, as Gerald looked in at the stables, previous to cantering up to the course. "The Dancer's a little fretful, and snatched at his corn this morning in a fidgety, impatient manner that looks bad for his behavior on the Heath to-day. He's an excitable horse, and last night's row in his stable there's no doubt upset him a bit. As for Caterham, he's as cool as possible; he's one of the level-tempered sort that a salvo of artillery wouldn't disturb except for the moment. Then how are you yourself, sir? No sleep and a rough-and-tumble fight ain't a good preparation for a big race."

"I'm all right, Greyson, never fear. I'll ride as good a race to-day as ever I did. Mind, put that heavy double-reined snaffle on him as we settled; pet, coax, and keep him as quiet as you can. Don't saddle among the others, so as not to excite him, and I shall do as I told you—come right through with him; so if you don't see me playing follow-my-leader before we've gone a quarter of a mile, you will understand the Dancer's got his own opinion and I've had to give in to it."

"Yes, Mr. Rockingham, you're right after all. Though you're to ride your own way to-day, it's coming back to pretty much the orders I gave you more than two years ago."

"I shall ride identically the same way, except that I understand the brute's mouth better, thanks to Dollie. Now I'm off."

"And I trust to Heaven, Mr. Rockingham, you'll win. I've borne the tyranny of these men for years, and done more dirty work for them than I care to think about. Pearson has had me in his debt so deep that I dare not disobey him; but it was Mr. Elliston who gave the orders always. I've broken with them now, and must stand the consequences; but, after last night's business, I should fancy they'll be rather shy of law courts or aught else."

"You're not likely to see them to-day; and, win or lose, depend upon it they'll never set foot on an English race-course again. When Lord Whitby and Sir Marmaduke hear the story, Messrs. Elliston and Pearson will get warning with regard to Newmarket, depend upon it. As for the rest, Greyson, if we're beaten, you'll worry through, never fear."

The trainer sat musing on the now, so to say, historic corn-bin, behind which Gerald had crouched the preceding night. "To think," he muttered, "that my daughter should be going to marry a real swell; and not only that, but the best horseman in England, and one of the finest, pluckiest young ones ever I ran across, high or low! Damme, if ever they persuade me into doing another 'shunt'! Well," he continued, rising, "it's getting about time we were off. Joe, you may get 'em out and walk 'em up to the Heath. If anybody's got two for the big race which look better than mine, I should just like to see 'em, that's all. I'm just going across the yard to get my hack, I sha'n't be five minutes; but mind, Joe, the Cambridgeshire horses you're never to leave till their jockeys are in the saddle."

Another quarter of an hour and Greyson and his horses were leisurely wending their way to the Heath. There, of course, the wildest *canards* about the attempt "to get at the favorite" were current. The people just down from London were agog to hear all about it, for the report had been wired to town; but though there were plenty of the sojourners at Newmarket only too delighted to relate their version of the affair, yet, as we know, the actual particulars were known only to three people besides the delinquents, namely, Gerald, Butters, and Greyson. But if the peril the favorite had been in was involved in mystery, there was no doubt in the public mind that it had been successfully surmounted, and their anxiety to be on what one of the boldest of the sporting prophets had pronounced "the best thing of the year" waxed stronger every hour. For the backers had fairly tired out the fielders, and the leading members of the Ring, when asked, "what about the Dancing Master?" replied, "they'd no more money to lay." Still it had been a good betting race from the first; and though there was no doubt the success of the Dancing Master would take an immense sum out of the Ring, there were a wonderful lot of whilom favorites that had never even seen Newmarket, to assist them on settling day, to say nothing of various other public fancies, that money would have to be paid over largely, should they go down before the favorite.

[to be continued.]

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

LEAN PEOPLE.

There are four chief causes of fatness: to wit, too much eating, drinking, and sleep, and too little exercise. These lead to over-assimilation, or an excess of supply over the waste of the body, and obesity is the result. If the healthy equation between supply and waste be disturbed in the converse way, leanness is the result. Excessive labor, whether of body or mind, too little food, drink, and rest, lead to under-assimilation.

Within limits, leanness, like fatness, is a healthy condition. But in many cases leanness is also a symptom of more or less grave disease, as in chronic or exhausting ailments of nearly every kind. With such emaciation we are not now concerned; it is a matter for medical treatment; and the first thing in such a case is to seek the cause of the definite disease which causes it. The healthy leanness of youth or middle age need not trouble any one, at least on the score of physical well-being. It is an advantage to keep clear of obesity until age arrives, when in many cases it is inevitable, for then the needed exercise can no longer be taken as formerly, and physical exercise is a main preventive of fatness. There is, indeed, unless when it is caused by serious disease, hardly more than one case of leanness that requires treatment to ten cases of obesity. I speak of our own community; in China, I believe, a person is looked upon as the more fortunate in proportion to his fatness. It would be curious to know whether the felicity of the Chinese banker Han-Qua, of Canton, who is said to be worth a billion taels, or fourteen hundred millions of dollars, is in any way expressible in terms of obesity.

But with us there is only one considerable class who have much desire to be fatter than they are, and these are neither the poor nor the old. It is especially by young women that "the rounded limb, the graceful curve," are desired. Many of them find leanness saying No to their natural desire to be beautiful. A moderate degree of plumpness in one community, an excessive degree in some others, as in many of the Polynesian islands, is thought by the men to be an essential condition of attractiveness in women. What shall a young lady do when she discovers that nature has stinted her in plumpness?

Any person who has a good digestion may be fattened. But before examining the dietary regimen for fattening, let our candidate for plumpness ask about some other condition of physical well-being. Is she given to worrying? Does she sleep well and sufficiently? Has she a good temper? Does she worry? If any dietary system is to help her, she must bring hygiene and morals to aid it. I well know that peace of mind is not to be prescribed like a liniment. But we can all make the effort toward peace of mind, and the effort itself is tonic. Our thin lady, then, must give up the habit of worrying, from which she often suffers; it is a habit which makes more women thin, pale, and nervous, a distress to themselves and to their families, than any other ailment. Let our sufferer bring all her philosophy to bear upon this destructive mental state. This is often the hardest part of the prescription, for melancholy and repining are often dear to the sufferer from leanness.

But when a good resolve has been taken in this respect, then our lean person may put faith in a regimen like the following:

1. Most articles of food that are easily digestible, excepting lean meat and salads, are fattening, and one will hardly go wrong in choosing a fattening diet from the wide range of excellent materials.

2. There is, however, some choice. Vegetables as a class are more fattening than meats, because they contain more starch and sugar.

3. In detail, white bread and potatoes should form a part of every meal; soups and broths are also important. For breakfast eat eggs, either boiled, poached, or in omelet; cutlets or *petits pâtés* are almost as fattening. The coffee or chocolate should be well "extended" with milk and sugar. People with a "sweet tooth" are rarely too thin.

At dinner eat fish, meat, and vegetables, but more abundantly, if the digestion permits it, of the latter. Macaroni and rice are valuable adjuncts toward the end in view. Make much of the dessert; creams, pastry, pies, and puddings, and other preparations which contain much sugar, are to be chosen. Drink good milk or good beer; nothing is healthier or more fattening. Wine often aids the digestion when it is weak. For the thin and nervous in general a light bitter beer is the ideal drink. It can be had pure, of uniform quality, and cheap. It combines the maximum of useful qualities for the purpose that we are considering. Tea and coffee have too much of the stimulant quality for such persons to use them abundantly. Milk is not always tolerated by the adult stomach, nor can it always be obtained of good quality. Syrups and effervescing drinks can seldom be used habitually without deranging the digestion. Even water is not always safe; water is often the vehicle of diseased germs, though I have not a word to say against pure water for the healthy; but it is not proved to be fattening.

Beer has none of these objections; it is safe, it is fattening, and it is nutritious. A writer in the London *Medical Times* says: "If a committee of unprejudiced scientific men had been appointed to compound and recommend a perfectly *aseptic* drink, combining the qualities of nutrition and of palatability, with such small amount of alcohol as should act as a preservative to the fluid itself, an aid to digestion, and a mild and innocuous stimulant to the whole system, it is probably upon a light bitter beer, brewed from good malt and hops, that the seal of their approval would be placed. Formed as it is from wholesome materials, easily concocted, and at a small cost, tonic and nutritious, harmless except in almost impossible quantity, it is just such an ideal drink as we should pine for if we did not already possess it."

And this view, which I believe to be a sound one, is *a fortiori* the view for the American, who lives in a comparatively dry climate, and who uses little soup and less wine. With the prescription of good beer as a good diluent and a good fattener, I conclude the regimen for plumpness. It is certainly an agreeable regimen, and I would have my fair thin reader to follow it, wishing and predicting her success in developing "the rounded limb and graceful curve."

Titus Munson Coan.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Until recently, if a man was seen wearing a striped shirt surmounted by a plain white collar, the explanation was easy: either the man had no white shirt or he had no striped collar. The union of the incongruous objects had been the result of an exigency. Now, however, it is the thing to make this combination. It is said that the Prince of Wales, or somebody else high in the walks of fashion, happened to be caught in a place where he had to borrow a shirt, and that the best that could be done for him was a striped shirt and a white collar. He was seen while so arrayed, and his imitators promptly began to wear striped shirts and white collars as a regular thing. Thus one by one are the rights of the cad stripped from him.

An octopus was caught recently with fish-hooks near Portland in Oregon. There was a great struggle in getting it into a boat and bringing it ashore. It was hooked in about three hundred feet of water. As it was brought near the surface it seized upon the bottom of the boat, and no effort of those in the boat could loosen it. Finally the boat was set in motion, when the devil-fish dropped off of its own accord. One of its feelers came in contact with the arm of a boy who was in the boat, and the fish let go only when the feeler was beaten to a jelly with a club. It was what is called a monster specimen. Its arms, or feelers, were four feet long, and its purse-shaped body was about one foot in diameter.

It is related as illustrative of the zeal of English fox-hounds that three hounds of the Carlow and Island Hunt recently followed a fox fifty yards into an extremely narrow sewer, and were dug out dead, the foremost dog with the fox in his grasp. In another case the hounds of the South Durham Hunt were close after a fox, which made toward the shaft of a flooded coal mine and plunged in. The leading hounds went after him and were drowned. Several times railroad trains have been stopped in order to save packs which had got upon the track.

The Brooklyn Board of Aldermen has recommended its Law Committee to frame an ordinance forbidding the carrying or use of bean-shooters under a penalty of ten dollars. The Constitution of the United States guarantees the right of every citizen to carry arms. Laws hitherto passed have only ventured to impose the condition that the arms must not be concealed.

Highland County, Virginia, has a burning mountain. Two gentlemen who recently undertook to investigate it found the earth near the summit so hot that they could scarcely bear to walk upon it. Digging to the depth of a foot, they found the earth burning and smoking. The burning matter was brick-color, and could be moulded like wax.

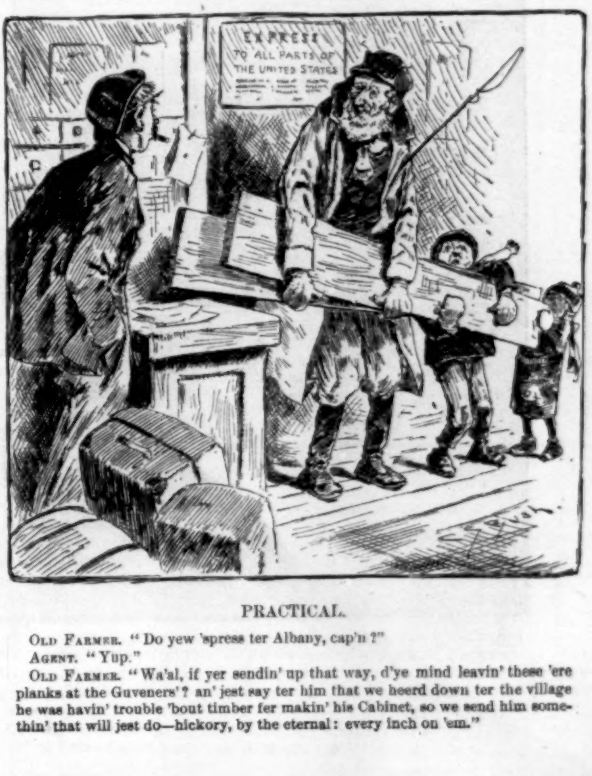
The lot of the Berlin 'bus conductor is no more happy than that of his brother of the New York street car. He works from sixteen to eighteen hours a day for seven days in the week, is fined heavily for any discrepancy in his money returns, and is paid something like 67½ cents a day. He eats as he gets a chance while bowling along on his 'bus, or while waiting for passengers at the 'bus station.

Orders have been issued forbidding the managers of theatres in Germany to produce any plays in which ancestors or collateral relations of the Prussian royal family are represented. The fear is expressed by the London *Truth* that, owing to the relationship existing between the Prussian princes and the house of Denmark, Hamlet may be considered an ancestor, and may not be permitted again to walk the boards.

A French physician of the homœopathic school announces that he is prepared to treat and cure all unpleasant human passions, such as envy, hatred, malice, anger, jealousy, obstinacy, avarice, etc. He declares that he has transformed a jealous and violent husband, who had behaved like a brute to his wife for sixteen years, into the most trusting and amiable of spouses. All that was necessary was to drop a little nux vomica into the man's soup.

An Australian store-keeper who wished to advertise his wares in the Chinese language engaged a Celestial sign-painter to make him a sign. When the sign was displayed the store-keeper wondered to see all Chinamen who happened by pause, read the sign, grin broadly, shake their heads, and pass on. He finally got an English translation of the sign, which was, "Don't buy anything here; store-keeper a rogue."

Foreigners who come here express wonder at the blazing foliage of autumn, especially as it is seen in New England. Americans are apt to think that the brilliant spectacle of the leaves is confined to their own country. England, however, makes such displays, or approaches to such, once in a while. A correspondent writes: "I have been up the Thames during the past week, from Henry to Cleeve Lock, above Goring. The trees in Park Place, Wargrave Hill, Purley, Maple, Durham, Hart's Wood, and Streately Hill were marvellous in their tints of russet, of yellow, of red, of green and browns of every variety. We have not seen such autumnal tints in England for years, and every turn convinced one of the marvellous truth of the pictures of old Crome, of Gainsborough, and of John Linnell. I passed through a small avenue of chestnuts which showed every gradation of golden tint, and which was almost dazzling to gaze upon. Last week the upper Thames exhibited a blaze of color that was worth going any distance to see."

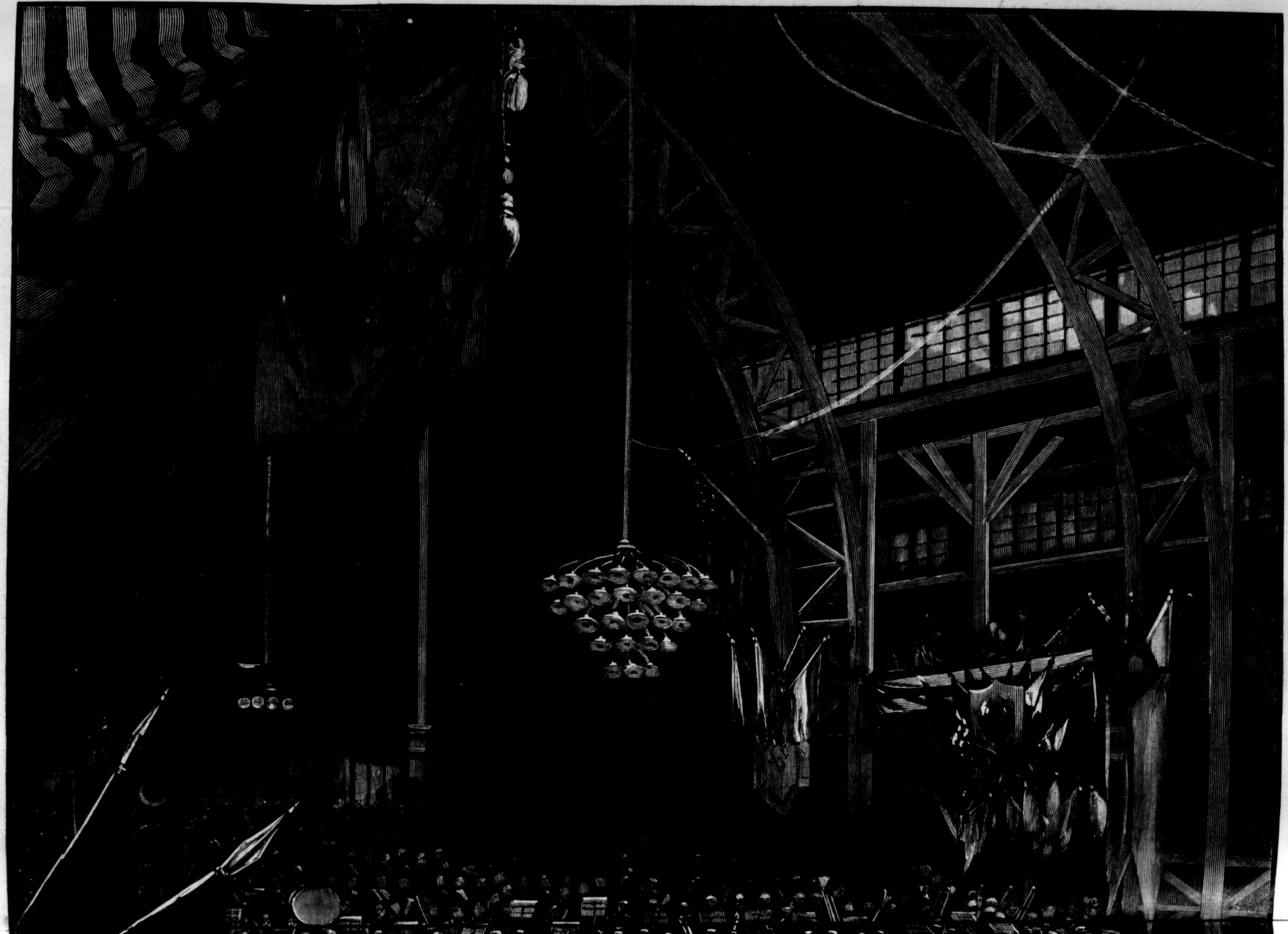


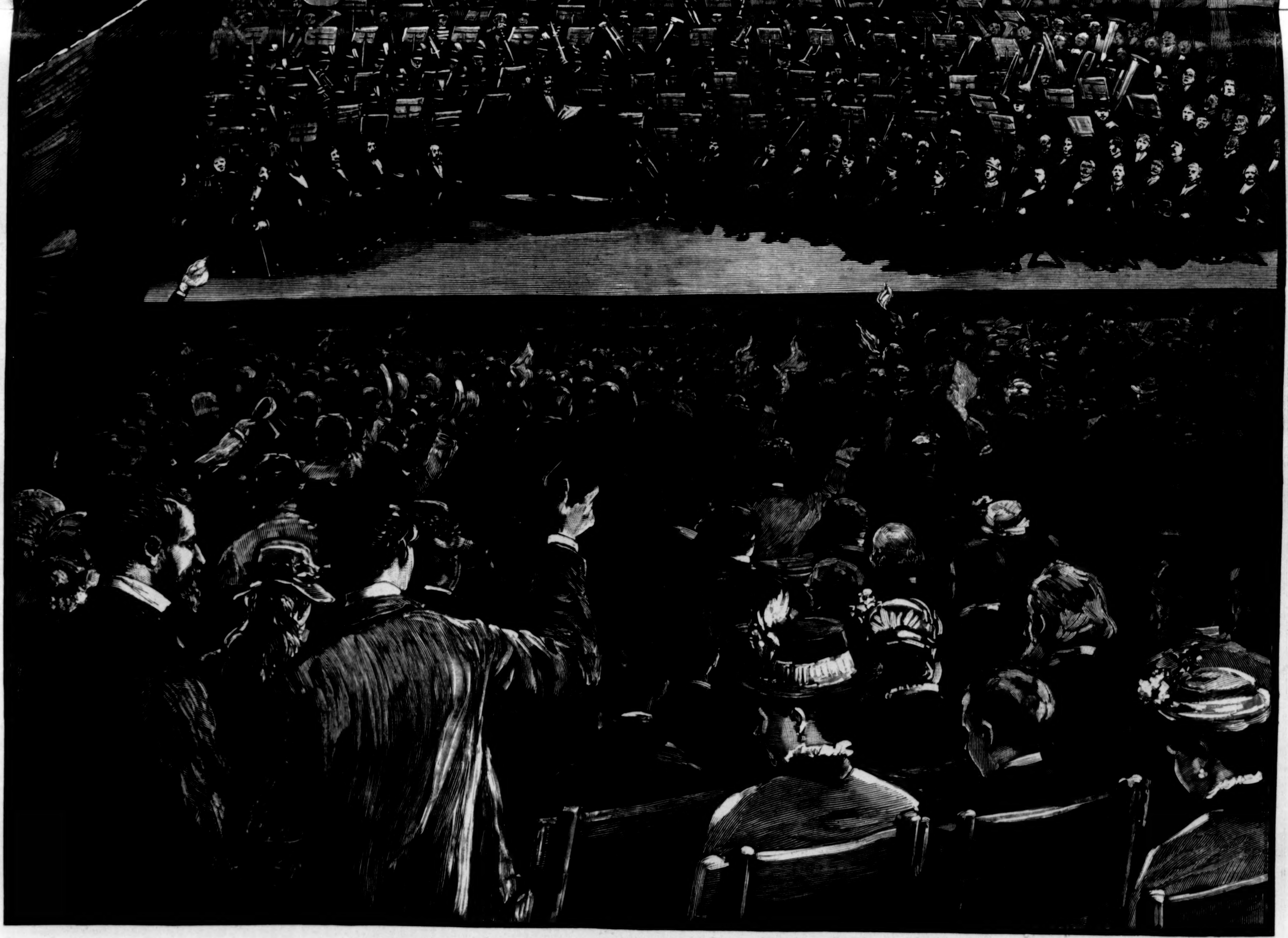
PRACTICAL.

Old Farmer. "Do yew 'spress ter Albany, cap'n?"

Agent. "Yup."

Old Farmer. "Wa'al, if yer sendin' up that way, d'ye mind leavin' these 'ere planks at the Guveners'? an' jest say ter him that we heerd down ter the village he was havin' trouble 'bout timber fer makin' his Cabinet, so we send him somethin' that will jest do—hickory, by the eternal: every inch on 'em."





OPENING THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—COLONEL BREAUX READING THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Drawn by Charles Graham and T. de Thulstrup from a Sketch by John Durkin.—[See Page 855.]

AN OLD ROUNDSMAN'S STORY.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

So you're a writer, and you think I could
Tell you some story of the Christmas-time—
Something that happened to myself, which you,
Having the rhyming knack, might put in rhyme?

Well, you are right. But of the yarns I mind
The most are best untold, they are so sad;
My beat's the shadiest in town, you know,
Amongst the very poor and very bad.

And yet from one of its worst places, where
Thieves gather who go round with murd'rous knives,
A blessing came one Christmas-day that brought
My wife and me the sunshine of our lives.

The night before, I had at last run down
Lame Jim, the captain of a river gang,
Who never had been caught, although his deeds
Were such that he deserved for them to hang.

And as he sprung upon the dock I sprung
Like lightning after him, and in a trice
Fell through a trap-door, and went sliding down
Upon a plank as slippery as ice.

I drew my pistol as I slid, and when
I struck the earth again, "Hands up!" I cried;
"I've got you now," and at the same time flashed
The light of a dark lantern every side.

I'd landed in a big square room, but no
Lame Jim nor any other rough was there;
But from some blankets spread upon the floor
A child looked up at me with wond'ring stare—

A little girl with eyes that shone like stars,
And sweet pale face, and curly, golden head.
"Why did you come so fast? You woke me up,
And scared me too," in lisping words she said.

"But *now* I am not scared, for I know you.
You're Santa Claus. My stocking's on the wall.
I wish you merry Christmas. Where's my toys?
I hope you've brought a lovely cup and ball."

I never was so taken 'back, I vow;
And while I speechless stood, Jim got away.
"Who are you, pretty one?" at last I asked.
"I? Don't you know? Why, I am little May.

"My mother died the other night, and went
To heaven; and Jim, my father, brought me here.
It isn't a nice place: I'm 'fraid of it,
For everything's so lonely and so queer.

"But I remembered it was Christmas-eve,
And hoped you'd find me, though I thought because
There was no chimney you might not. But oh!
I'm glad you did, dear Mr. Santa Claus."

Well, Captain Jim escapedt—he law, I mean,
But not a higher power: he was drowned.
And on his body near his heart, poor wretch,
The picture of his baby girl was found.

And that dear baby girl went home with me,
And never was a gift more precious given;
For childless had that home been many years,
And so she seemed sent to it straight from heaven.

God's ways are wonderful. From rankest soil
There often grows a flower sweet and bright.
But I must go, my time is nearly up.
A merry Christmas to you, and good-night!

MISS HERMONCIEUX.

By J. ESTEN COOKE.

I.

Miss Hermoncieux is a great puzzle to me. What is she going to do? I think sometimes of asking her, but she would not be apt to take me into her confidence. Things have certainly reached a point between Warrington and herself when she will be called upon to make up her mind what course she will pursue.

I have certainly never seen anybody who interested me as much. I should not call her exactly pretty—at least a stranger might not think so. She is a creole of about twenty, tall, rather too slender, perhaps, with brown hair worn low on the forehead, blue eyes, and a very fair complexion. Her mouth, however, is certainly exquisite, and she has a way of smiling faintly with a shy side look which is really fascinating.

It is a pity she is so great an heiress—that chills one. A good girl ought to be poor, in order to find out who really loves her. How can she know, when she is worth a million?

She and her cousin, Miss Arthur, are from northern Alabama, and have spent the summer with Mr. Fenton. He is a princely old merchant who has retired from business, built a very beautiful villa adjoining my tumble-down place, and the young ladies are his relatives. They came in June, and it is now October. I believe they are about to return home. Well, they will have a great deal to laugh about, as their visit has proved something of a comedy.

Miss Arthur told me everything. She is a small brunette, with a plump figure, black eyes, and a fund of laughter which seems to be inexhaustible. The spirit of frolic and practical joking is her great characteristic, and on leaving Alabama she induced her cousin to make an absurd agreement. Miss Hermoncieux, the real heiress, was to pass for the poor cousin, and Miss Arthur, the poor cousin, was to pass for the heiress.

Thence arose complications. Miss Arthur, to her secret delight, received marked attention from gentlemen, and Miss Hermoncieux was comparatively neglected. Mr. Fenton and his wife must have been taken into the confidence of the young ladies; but then the smiling old couple rarely mingle with their gay young visitors, and the farce thus went on until about the middle of August. Then the ruse was discovered by some accident, and everybody laughed, especially Miss Arthur, who is accustomed to say that all men are mercenary. Miss Hermoncieux grew much more popular, and Miss Arthur's friends cooled—among the rest, Mr. Warrington. He had apparently been very much devoted to Miss Arthur, and now became as devoted to her cousin.

T. Herbert Warrington, as he signs himself, is an elegant fellow, about thirty-five years of age, with light hair, a curling mustache, and a manner full of grace and ease. He always dresses in the height of the fashion, and wears kid gloves even when he is driving his handsome drag. As he passes behind his glossy bays, with his liveried groom in rear, he has a gay word for everybody, cries, "How goes it, my dear fellow?" and takes off his hat to the ladies he meets with the perfection of grace. Unfortunately the state of his affairs is the subject of common talk. He has nearly run through a fine property, is in the condition known as "hard up," and makes no secret of the fact that he is looking out for a rich wife.

It is not known whether he proposed to Miss Arthur or not; it is certain that they were extremely intimate. When the fact was ascertained that Miss Hermoncieux was the true heiress, he laughed louder than the rest, declared the joke excellent, remained on the best terms with Miss Arthur, but gradually drifted in the direction of Miss Hermoncieux. As the days went on his attentions grew more marked, and now there is no longer any doubt. My friend Warrington is going to ask the young heiress to marry him, and what puzzles me is to know what she has decided to do.

II.

This evening I had quite an adventure. I was returning home a little before sunset, and on the country road winding through the red foliage of a body of woods met Miss Hermoncieux.

She was riding without escort, and seemed to have lost her road, which proved to be the fact.

"I am very glad I met you," she said, smiling, and holding out a small gauntleted hand. "I have missed my way."

And she explained that she had ridden out for exercise, confiding in her knowledge of the neighborhood, but had mistaken the road.

"It is fortunate I met you, as a storm is coming," I said. "I will escort you home by the nearest route."

And I rode on beside her. She was quite charming in her dark habit, and her ride had given her what her complexion wanted. Her cheeks were rosy and her blue eyes bright with the healthful exercise.

"You are going away soon?" I said.

"Yes; I am very sorry," she replied.

"Your visit has been pleasant, I hope?"

"Very pleasant indeed."

We had left the woods and entered the open country. On a hill to the left rose my dilapidated establishment. A gate led into the field in front. Of the two globes with spiral carvings once surmounting the posts, one had fallen. I thought she noticed it, and said, rather ruefully:

"See the consequences of bad management. That is my house yonder, and it is no better than my gate."

"It is a very fine old place."

"It is a very poor one, and very lonely too. I am entirely by myself there, and can't say I enjoy it."

"It is a pity."

Her head drooped, and she looked absently toward the house as we passed. Nothing was simpler than her speech, and yet a great throb came to my heart. Why do women make these speeches unless they are blind?—which I do not think they are.

"A man's lot is not of his own making," I said. "One is blessed with a home circle of smiling faces, and another is not. It is rather hard, but I do not complain."

"I am so sorry!"

For half a second she looked sidewise at me with her faint smile and sad eyes. Then she rode on without speaking.

I was anxious that she should reach home. The storm which had been brewing all the afternoon was about to burst, and the black clouds driving eastward were seamed by lightning flashes.

"You will be drenched unless you gallop," I said.

"Nothing would please me more," she exclaimed, laughing.

"Well, a race, then!"

We went on at full speed, trying to outrun the storm. It was impossible to do so. Half a mile from Mr. Fenton's villa it burst in all its fury, and the horse which Miss Hermoncieux rode grew terrified at the thunder and lightning. The rain dashed in our faces as we went on at full speed, and though I could see that the young lady was an excellent horsewoman, her frightened animal was almost beyond her control.

Three hundred yards from the gate of the villa occurred the accident I spoke of. A tree had been blown down across the road, and Miss Hermoncieux's horse attempted to clear it. In leaping, her girth broke, but I was close to her, and caught her as she was falling. For a moment I held her in my arms, and by a natural impulse she had thrown her own around my neck.

One feels a queer sensation embracing a young lady in so unexpected a manner. It amounts to nothing, of course, since she would clasp a footman in the same affectionate fashion. But I did not remember that; and then the young girl I held to my heart, her cheek touching my own for an instant, was Miss Hermoncieux!

The rest of the adventure was rather prosaic. The young lady's horse had darted from under her, and I dismounted quickly, giving her my arm. She was laughing, though the rain was beating upon her, and the furious gusts blowing her brown hair about. It had fallen and covered her shoulders, and as she had dropped her riding-hat, her head was unprotected. Her wet dress clung to her person, and altogether she suggested the idea of a naiad, and a very charming one.

"There is nothing to do but walk home," I said. "You don't seem to mind it in the least."

"I don't mind it at all," she said, laughing. And putting on her hat, which I picked up, she took my arm, and we walked to the villa, where we were received with exclamations and every evidence of delight.

I came home when the storm lulled a little, and have amused myself by writing this page in my journal. I wonder whether she felt the least bit of the agitation *I* certainly did when her arms were around my neck and her cheek touched mine?

III.

I rode over to Mr. Fenton's this morning.

As I came in sight of the old merchant's villa I was struck with the contrast between the house and grounds and my own. Mr. Fenton has amused his leisure in lavishing money on the place, and nothing could be neater or more attractive. I think envy was left out of my composition, but I remember thinking: "The owner of a fine establishment is fortunate. If he falls in love with a rich girl, nobody can suspect his motives."

I was riding up to the gate leading into the grounds, when Warrington passed in his drag with his superb bays and liveried footman. His appearance was resplendent, and his handsome mustache curled with enjoyment as he cried, "How goes it, my dear fellow?" Then the shining drag went by like a flash and disappeared through the tall gateway.

Warrington had evidently come to call on Miss Hermoncieux, and the fact was annoying. I should be *de trop*, and it is not good to be *de trop*. I hesitated, resolved to put off my visit, rode back slowly for a mile, and then, impatient at my own cowardice, returned and rode into the grounds of the villa just in time to see Miss Hermoncieux and Warrington disappearing on a stroll.

Miss Arthur was sitting in a rustic arm-chair on the veranda.

"Do come and talk to me!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand, and pointing to a chair near her. "Poor Sir Tristan, I am your only resource. The gallant Sir Warrington has borne off the prize."

I was accustomed to Miss Arthur's vivacity and and plain-speaking, so I said, "Well, the prize, I suppose, is willing."

Miss Arthur looked at me satirically, her black eyes sparkling. "What actors you gentlemen are! You affect indifference, and yet I found out your secret a month ago."

"My secret?"

"You are in love with Elise Hermoncieux. You are blushing. I was certain of it."

"What an idea!" I stammered. "It would be too stupid."

"I don't see that it would be so stupid. Elise is the very best girl in the world, and not positively frightful. Mr. Warrington is enslaved, you see, and you know he is a gentleman of taste."

I was entitled, I thought, to my revenge, and said: "Is he? Well, I heard that he was a devoted friend of yours."

Miss Arthur colored a little, and I detected a lurking expression of satire on her red lips. "Certainly he is a devoted friend, and how charming it will be to have him in the family!"

"Are they to be married? When is it to take place?"

Miss Arthur looked at me for a moment without speaking, and then said: "Will you answer a plain question? I dare you, as the children say."

"I'll not 'take a dare.' Yes, I will answer it."

"Well, why don't you tell Elise?"

"Tell her—"

"That you love the very ground she walks on?"

"What an absurdity!"

"No, I am not at all absurd," she said. "If there was any doubt, you would not blush so. Do you know I like to see people blush? It is so honest! I really take an interest in you. It is surprising, but you pay me just as much attention as you did when you supposed I was a great heiress."

"Do you think that so astounding?"

"It has at least the charm of contrast: others have not been so disinterested. It is strange, but you and I are just as good friends as before, and I think friends ought to give each other advice."

"Certainly."

"Well, shall I give you some?"

"If you please."

"Tell Elise. She doesn't suspect it in the least. A brave man ought to have courage to risk his fate."

She spoke earnestly now, and I felt an impulse to speak as earnestly in reply.

"Miss Arthur," I said, "did you ever reflect how unpleasant it is to be poor? It is what the French call a *bêtise*."

"That depends. Health and friends are the greatest source of happiness, and I don't believe it is good for anybody to be very rich."

"I agree with you; and yet suppose a man with just enough to live upon falls in love with a woman of large fortune, what is he to do?"

"Tell her so."

"And be suspected of thinking of her money and not of herself. No, I thank you."

"And that is the reason you don't pay your addresses to Elise, though you are a victim!" There was something irresistible in her frankness.

"I did not know it until the other evening—it is absurd, but I did not."

"The other evening, when you rode home with her, and so gallantly rescued her, and embraced her in that highly improper manner! She was shocked. She told me all about it."

"And made me a laughing-stock, I suppose. Well, I can't help that."

"She did not laugh at you in the least. And so that is the reason you are so glum! Sir Tristan, the sad knight, allows the gay Sir Warrington to win the princess because he is afraid of being misunderstood."

"If you choose. But I must ask one favor—that you will not speak to Miss Hermoncieux of this conversation."

"I promise. So Elise's wealth is the only obstacle?"

"You are terribly exacting in your questions."

"There, I will not ask you any more now; it would be quite unnecessary. You have told me all without telling me anything, and now I mean to tell *you* something."

"It will interest me, I hope."

"You are certain to be deeply interested."

"Do relieve my suspense."

"Why not? It will make you happy. But here is Elise. She and Mr. Warrington are coming back. I wonder if he has—well, popped."

"You have time to tell me what will interest me so much."

"No; come back to-morrow," she said, in a low tone. "Look! something has certainly happened. Mr. Warrington is in the highest spirits."

Miss Hermoncieux and her companion came to the portico, and she held out a small hand, smiling shyly, after her fashion. General conversation followed, and then, finding that my friend Warrington was resolved to remain, I rode back home.

IV.

What was Miss Arthur going to tell me? I was immensely puzzled. At the end of an hour's reflection and speculation I could not imagine what she meant.

I was seated on my old porch after breakfast reading a newspaper, when Warrington drove up, and, squeezing my hand warmly, said he had come to smoke a cigar. He presented his elegant case, and we were soon seated smoking fraternally.

"I dropped in to see you, old fellow," he said, "to tell you that my affair yonder is about arranged."

"Your affair—with Miss Hermoncieux?"

He nodded, with an air of much enjoyment.

"Well," I said, "I congratulate you. When is it to take place?"

Warrington looked at me curiously. "I thought you would be more cut up," he said. "A million is a pretty figure, and don't turn up every day."

"My dear Warrington," I said, "let me give you a piece of advice: don't refer so publicly to Miss Hermoncieux's money; if you do, people will say that you are thinking of that rather than of the young lady."

"Well," he said, with a gay laugh, "you are right—human nature is uncharitable. I don't mind saying that a young lady's bank account is an important item to a fellow so deuced hard up as I am; but in the case of a girl as lovely as Miss Hermoncieux, that dwindles into insignificance."

"A noble sentiment!"

"Well, old fellow, I see you are cut up, after all. I am sorry, but can't help it. I thought I would call on my way to the villa to tell you how things stood, as it is best to avoid misunderstandings, and you are too honorable a man to—well, put any trouble in the way of a friend."

"Put any trouble?"

"Well, I heard you were a little soft on Miss Hermoncieux yourself. I can understand that—and as long as the way was clear, you would be justified in going ahead; but—"

Warrington paused, laughing and looking at me significantly. I returned the look, and said,

"Are you engaged to be married to Miss Hermoncieux, Warrington?"

He laughed again, but not quite so naturally. The question evidently took him by surprise.

"Well—that is—not precisely *engaged*, my dear fellow—but—you understand."

It was my time to laugh now. "I see your little affair is not exactly arranged," I said, "though I thought it was, from your appearance after that promenade. But set your mind at rest. I have at present no intention of asking Miss Hermoncieux to marry me. She is much too rich, and I am much too poor—unequal unions are always unfortnnate."

Warrington's expression indicated immense relief. "My dear fellow, I honor your motives!" he exclaimed. "I wish I could imitate you. But, you see, I am devilish hard up, and I am obliged to disregard these nice sentiments, not that Miss Hermoncieux's money is what I am thinking of—you won't do me that injustice. It is only—well, an *additional* attraction."

"I have no doubt it is," I said, laughing rather ruefully.

"I see you are *not* so cut up. Why not promise to be my best man?"

"We'll talk of that—there will be time, I suppose. I think you said you were not engaged. Why didn't you propose on that walk? Then all would now be arranged."

Warrington laughed rather uneasily. "I thought I would, but felt a little afraid. But I assure you, my dear boy, I approached the subject, and I think I can say—that is—the affair will soon be concluded."

Having made this significant statement, Warrington wrung my hand with the greatest cordiality, and getting into his drag, disappeared toward the villa.

I sat reflecting for more than an hour on this singular interview. Then I mounted and rode to superintend the draining of a piece of meadow. I had determined not to go near Mr. Fenton's: since I had given Warrington a sort of promise, I would keep my promise thoroughly.

A week afterward I received a line from Miss Arthur which induced me to ride to the villa.

"We are going home," said the note, "and you seem resolved not to come and say good-by."

V.

An hour afterward I was seated in the drawing-room at Mr. Fenton's conversing with Miss Arthur.

"I had a better opinion of you," she said, "than to think you would forget your friends."

"I have been engaged draining my land," I replied; rather drearily, "and, besides, I made a promise."

"A promise?"

"To Sir Warrington, as you call him—the successful chevalier. I suppose his prospects are as encouraging as ever, and he is here occasionally?"

"Occasionally? He is here morning, noon, and night. But what promise did you make him?"

"I am not certain I ought to tell you; but I will do so if you will regard it as confidential. He told me of his affair, as he calls it, and I engaged not to interfere with him. I hope you understand."

"Yes, I understand. But you really are too absurd. I will speak plainly—I hate ceremony. I am your friend, and I choose to meddle. Why *don't* you ask Elise to marry you? She might."

What did Miss Arthur mean? I looked at her, but she was laughing. "I have already told you why I do not," I said. "Since you speak plainly, I reply as distinctly."

"Because she is wealthy?"

"Yes."

"And you are not?"

"Yes."

"Well, as that is the only obstacle—Elise's money—I have the pleasure of informing you that it no longer exists. That is a fine sentence, but expresses the idea."

"No longer exists!"

"I see you have not heard the news. Here is something which will save me the trouble of explaining."

She opened a portfolio lying upon an old secretary in one corner of the drawing-room, and took out a letter, which she unfolded and presented to me.

It bore the New Orleans postmark, with the name and address of a legal firm in the upper corner, and its contents were melancholy. By the defalcation of Miss Hermoncieux's former guardian and late trustee, Mr. ——, her entire property had been swept away, together with large assets of the bank of which Mr. —— had been cashier. He had left the city, and an examination of his papers had revealed Miss Hermoncieux's misfortune. The legal firm wrote to ascertain whether she desired to have proceedings taken to punish the defaulter.

I dropped the letter with no regret at all, but a great feeling of joy.

"I see you are deeply affected by poor Elise's loss," said Miss Arthur, laughing.

"I sympathize with her sincerely."

"And are not in the least sorry. It is heartless in me to laugh, but, the obstacle to a certain proceeding on the part of a certain Don Quixote, or Sir Tristan, if you prefer, is now removed."

"But where is the happy knight, Sir Warrington?" I said.

"He has not been here since we told him the news. And yet I am sure he is even sorrier than you are."

I was in a maze. "So Miss Hermoncieux is penniless!" I said. "I sincerely feel for her."

"I don't think she minds it. She is a brave girl, and as cheerful as before."

"What are her plans, may I ask?"

"They are undecided—the news was so sudden. Elise is very fond of children, and I think she would really enjoy the life of a teacher."

"That is a very honorable occupation. But—" I stopped, and then added, as composedly as I could, "I suppose she will marry now, and Mr. Warrington?"

Miss Arthur laughed in her satirical manner. "Poor thing! I am afraid she will not have an opportunity," she said.

"An opportunity?"

"Mr. Warrington is said to be unwell—indisposed, if you prefer the term. He has just sent a line expressing his regret at being unable to call before our departure."

I looked at Miss Arthur. Her expression of satire was overpowering.

"I fear the intelligence of poor Elise's misfortune has affected his sensitive feelings, and occasioned his—indisposition," she added.

"A heartless speech!" I said, laughing, and feeling quite overjoyed. "When do you go?"

"In three days."

"Without an escort?"

"I am afraid so. Mr. Warrington was to have accompanied us, but his indisposition will hardly permit it."

"If you will allow me, I will take his place."

"With the greatest pleasure—I can speak for myself. I think, however, it would be only polite to ask Elise. I hear her coming down-stairs. I don't think she knows you are here. Will you excuse me for a moment? I have left my spool—"

And Miss Arthur vanished. As she disappeared from the drawing-room she glanced over her shoulder, and an expression of great pleasure and amusement overspread her face.

A moment afterward Miss Hermoncieux entered, and I could see from her quick blush that my presence was a surprise to her. She advanced a few steps, hesitated, and I terminated her hesitation. Taking her little hands in my own, I covered them with kisses, and said:

"I have heard what has happened, and will not pretend I am sorry. I can tell you how dearly I love you now. I came near telling you in that storm, when I held you in my arms."

VI.

I have accompanied Miss Hermoncieux and Miss Arthur to Alabama, and my marriage with the first-mentioned young lady will take place this evening.

My friend Warrington was at the station—a gallant man to the last—to bid the young ladies good-by, and I had not the heart to inform him of the contents of a note written me by Miss Arthur after my morning's conversation with her and the fortunate interview which followed with Miss Hermoncieux.

Miss Arthur said in her note:

"Elise has told me, and I congratulate you: you are the very person I should have picked out for a cousin.

"Poor Mr. Warrington! I was quite fond of him; but then he cut my acquaintance so abruptly, is it any wonder I should have advised Elise to marry *you?*

"P.S.—I forgot to say that your sympathy for Elise was unnecessary. She has no trustee; consequently he did not make away with her money. The disreputable report was due to me, and I arranged *that letter* with a young limb of the law I am acquainted with in New Orleans. You have the misfortune to be engaged to be married to an heiress in spite of yourself. Try and endure it, like a brave man, for the sake of Elise!"

As Elise prefers the old house with the ball fallen from the gate post, we have come home to live and be happy in a quiet and contented way.

Warrington frequently dines with us, and is as gay and lively as ever; but I think he sighs sometimes, and regrets that he is not the husband of the former Miss Hermoncieux.

A LONG STRIKE.

The strike of the coal miners in the Hocking Valley region of Ohio has been one of the most important, most extensive, and most costly that the country has ever seen. It began early in June of this year, and has only now come to an end; not by the surrender of the strikers, but by their replacement by other men, and the complete victory of the operators. The story of the strike as told by the strikers when they applied to the Central Labor Union in this city was a pitiful one, and though it appears from good evidence to have been exaggerated, it showed a very great amount of suffering. According to this, there were some 5000 men out of work for from five to six months. The savings of such as had saved anything were soon used up, and from the funds collected by the Miners' Union there was given out as early as September only seventy-five cents a week to each family. In addition to the strikers themselves some 1000 to 1200 men engaged on the railways and in work dependent on mining were also thrown out of employment.

The facts as they have been brought out by the investigations of the press do not sustain the account of the trade-union committee as to the origin of the trouble. The following is a statement of the matter as nearly correct as it can be made. The Hocking Valley coal mines are unusually favored. The coal is of a rich and partly bituminous character, between the soft anthracite of the Schuylkill Valley in Pennsylvania and the famous "block" coal of Indiana in point of hardness. This coal lies in veins varying from nine to thirteen feet in thickness. This fact, with the comparative softness of the coal, makes it very easy to mine, as the men can work at it in an erect posture, and not, as in many of the Pennsylvania mines, cramped on their hands and knees. It also favors the use of machinery, steam-drills, and steam-cars for drawing out. But the Miners' Union has from the start been a very powerful and close organization in the Hocking Valley, and it has steadily resisted all propositions to introduce machinery. The Union has, moreover, limited the amount of coal that any one man could dig to three and a half tons per day, and has been very exacting in the same spirit in other regards. The pay has been pretty uniformly seventy cents a ton. The owners of the mines have therefore not only had but little profit from their natural advantages, but have had to keep the price of coal so high throughout the valley that the iron furnaces in the region have been unable to compete with those of other regions, and a number of them have on this account closed down within the past year.

In June last the Columbus and Hocking Valley Coal Company, the principal owner of the coal mines, resolved to force a decisive fight with their men. They announced a cut in wages from seventy cents to sixty cents, and the men went out on strike. The company immediately suspended all work, and as rapidly as possible put machinery into their mines. They had pretty well completed this work before the miners realized what was going on. Then the company won over the "bank bosses" from among the strikers to act as instructors, and brought in a lot of new men. They were obliged to have them guarded by **Pinkerton**'s detectives, heavily armed. The strikers became violent, fired into a train loaded with new men, surrounded the lodging-house where the new men were, drove out some of them, and beat them badly. Then the company went a step further, and ejected all the strikers living in the company's houses, brought in more men, and doubled their guards. The men became even more desperate. The winter was upon them. They were homeless, and literally suffering for food. Many of them wished to yield, especially those not directly engaged in mining. But the leaders were relentless, and promised that in a short time the company would be brought to terms. They laid their plans secretly, and on the morning of Sunday, August 31, a large band, disguised with masked or blackened faces, and armed with fire-arms, made a sudden attack on the chief mine near the town of Logan. One of the guards—a veteran of the civil war and an industrious man—was killed, and two others were badly wounded. The guard rallied, and after a rapid exchange of shots for an hour or so drove off their assailants. It came out afterward that these had expected re-enforcement, which failed them. During the mêlée the buildings connected with the mine were fired, and a considerable amount of property was destroyed. It seems to have been the intention of the strikers to thoroughly intimidate the men and the company. Telegraph wires in every direction were cut, and the wildest rumors were set afloat, such as that 3000 men were marching on Columbus, and that there was a concerted plot to burn all the property that could be destroyed in the valley.

Governor **Hoadly**, at his residence in Cincinnati, on Sunday morning, was beset by telegrams from sheriffs in the valley that riot, bloodshed, and murder were spreading in all directions, and that they were powerless to preserve the peace. The Governor's conduct in this trying situation, rendered more trying by the fact that an excited political canvass was pending, was admirable. He ordered several companies of trusted militia to be in readiness to march, and proceeded in person, with his Adjutant-General, to the scene of the disorder. He not only called upon the sheriffs and the officers of the mining company, but assembled the leaders of the strikers at various points, and made a thorough examination of the situation. Then he disposed a moderate number of troops at the points most menaced, and frankly announced that he should exhaust all the power reposed in him to preserve life and property. His plans, followed up in this spirit, were successful, and no further serious trouble occurred. The strike has failed. All the men needed are now at work at fifty cents a ton, and these are non-union men. The Miners' Union is broken. It is estimated that the loss in wages alone has been more than a million of dollars.

MY LEGACY.

A rare and priceless legacy
The fair, sweet summer left to me;
Rare pictures, gems, I think them all,
Which I have hung on memory's wall,
And in my heart the summer lives
With all the joy that summer gives.

Green hill-sides dotted o'er with trees,
Tall grasses bent with playful breeze,
Wide meadows starred with daisies white,
And over all, the sunshine bright.
Oh, winter has no power to chill
A heart that holds warm summer still!

But more than all its birds and flowers,
Far more than e'en its golden hours,
The gracious summer left to me,
In its most priceless legacy,
A sweet true love, which can not die,
However cold the winter's sky!

Close in my heart I hold the gift
Which from my life all clouds will lift.
Together love and I recall
The pictures hung on memory's wall.
My little love, with sweet brown eyes,
Who came to me 'neath summer skies,

The golden hours were bright to me
Only when they were shared with thee;
The flowers seemed sweetest and most fair
When thou their beauty deigned to wear.
And now my heart forever lives
'Mid all the joys that summer gives.

Mary D. Brine.

OUR FRIEND THE MOLE.

"The little gentleman in black velvet," if he ever indulges in repinings at the ingratitude of mankind for his ceaseless services to them, has certainly justice on his side. Trapped, shot, exterminated with ruthless pertinacity, he nevertheless continues to work for the advantage of his persecutors, and exhibits an amount of longanimity possessed by few of his most Christian enemies. Content to dwell out of sight beneath our fields, and only too happy to be ignored, he returns good for evil, and never harbors a revengeful thought. Nature has been almost as unkind to him as man. His appearance is not prepossessing—small, insignificant eyes, an uncanny, elongated visage, terminated by a bony lump, squat, misshapen limbs, and a covering of uncouth hair make up his personal characteristics. But still, despite these disadvantages, he turns his energies to such good account that it affords a very encouraging example to the human species. Possibly from some dim idea of his unfitness to mix in general society, he lives in close retirement at home, and with patient industry fulfills his mission of ventilating the soil with many-branched tunnels, and of converting insects, worms, etc., into fertile mould. That the active little animal should ever have become the object of indiscriminate massacre does not reflect much credit on the sagacity or observation of agriculturists. What he consumes benefits the farmer by its removal; his labors tend to enrich the ground. The most sterile soil is fertilized, wet lands become dry; and with these facts before their eyes, farmers still "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war" upon him.

There are, however, symptoms which indicate that the world is learning sense in this matter, and that the services of this useful animal are becoming recognized. The ingenuity which the mole exhibits in the formation of his covered ways might stimulate—perhaps has done so—agriculturists to improve their drainage systems; the comminuted earth and other material which he leaves behind him might also instigate them to produce similar results on a scale commensurate with their requirements. As the mole lives almost entirely under-ground, not much is known of its habits by the general public, and little can be inferred from an inspection of the creature when dead. One would suppose it to be a mild, inoffensive little animal, content to let and be let alone; but this would be an error. Few creatures are so fierce. Its activity, whether in peace or war, precludes mediocrity from among its characteristics, and thus, whether laboring, fighting, eating, or loving, it acts with a whole-heartedness of which we can hardly form an idea.

By some it is supposed to rest from its labors at periodical intervals of three hours each. We cease to be surprised at the work executed by the mole when we examine its structure. The fore-paws, short and very sturdy, are moved by immense muscles, and are supported by a clavicle of great strength; the broad palms are turned outward, the better to form scoops for throwing earth, gravel, etc., behind while the animal is burrowing. The "fingers" are small—so much so, in fact, as easily to be overlooked—but each is terminated by a nail, long, flat, sharp-edged, and very strong, eminently calculated as a tool for cutting through the soil. The snout, which we have noticed as furnished with a terminal bone, assists in these operations, and the neck is supplied with muscles of extraordinary vigor.

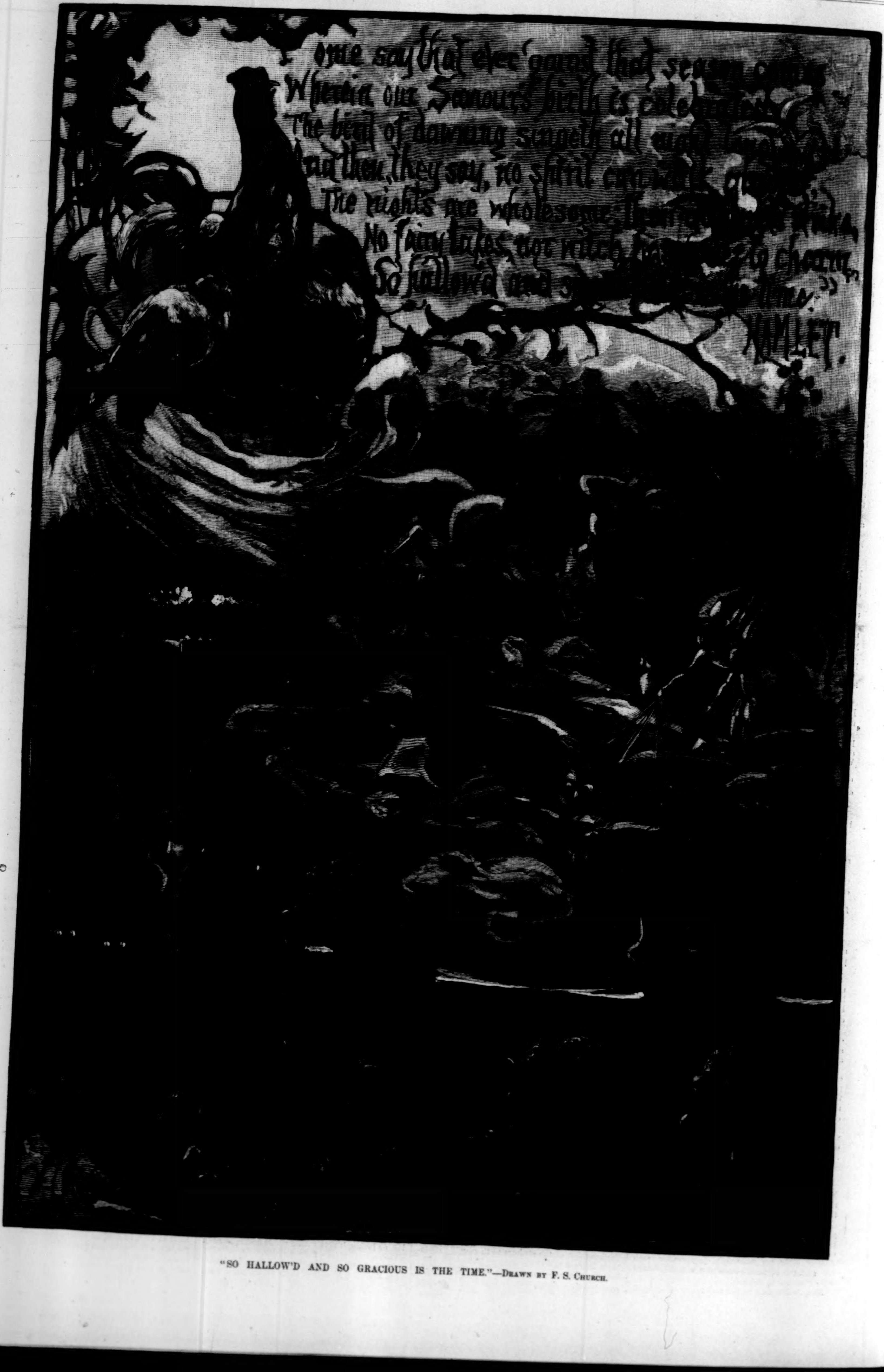
As the chief work of the animal is performed by its fore-parts, the hinder portion has an undeveloped and feeble appearance, which detracts considerably from its powers of locomotion on *terra firma*. Indeed, it is said that the creature can progress more swiftly *in* the ground than *on* it. Its ears are remarkably acute, or, to speak more correctly, its sense of hearing is so, for external ears there are none. "As blind as a mole" is a current saying, and doubtless arises from the extreme minuteness of the organs of vision, which have frequently escaped the observation of superficial inquirers. Its jaws are singularly weak, but it does not need strong ones, as its food is easily masticated, consisting of insects, worms, or soft roots. Its coat is fine, and in this again we see how nature adapts means to ends. If the hairs in its coat were sloped they would form an obstacle to the animal's progression, either backward or forward, according to the direction of their inclination, but they are placed perpendicularly, and hence bend in any way required by the movements of the animal in its narrow tunnels.

The nest or home in which the mole resides, and in which the young are produced, is worthy of notice. A high arched roof is made by the removal of a quantity of earth; here and there pillars—portions of the solid soil—are allowed to remain as supports. The earth of which it is composed is pressed and beaten, and with it are mingled grass stalks and roots to give it a greater consistency, and by this means to make it sufficiently compact to throw off heavy rains. Within the dome is erected a small mound, littered with soft grass and leaves. This is the bed, and from its elevated position it is secure from whatever drainage may casually make its way below. From this mound lead off in various directions the passages excavated by the animals, and these often extend as far as thirty or forty feet from the central hall, the "keep" of the fortalice.

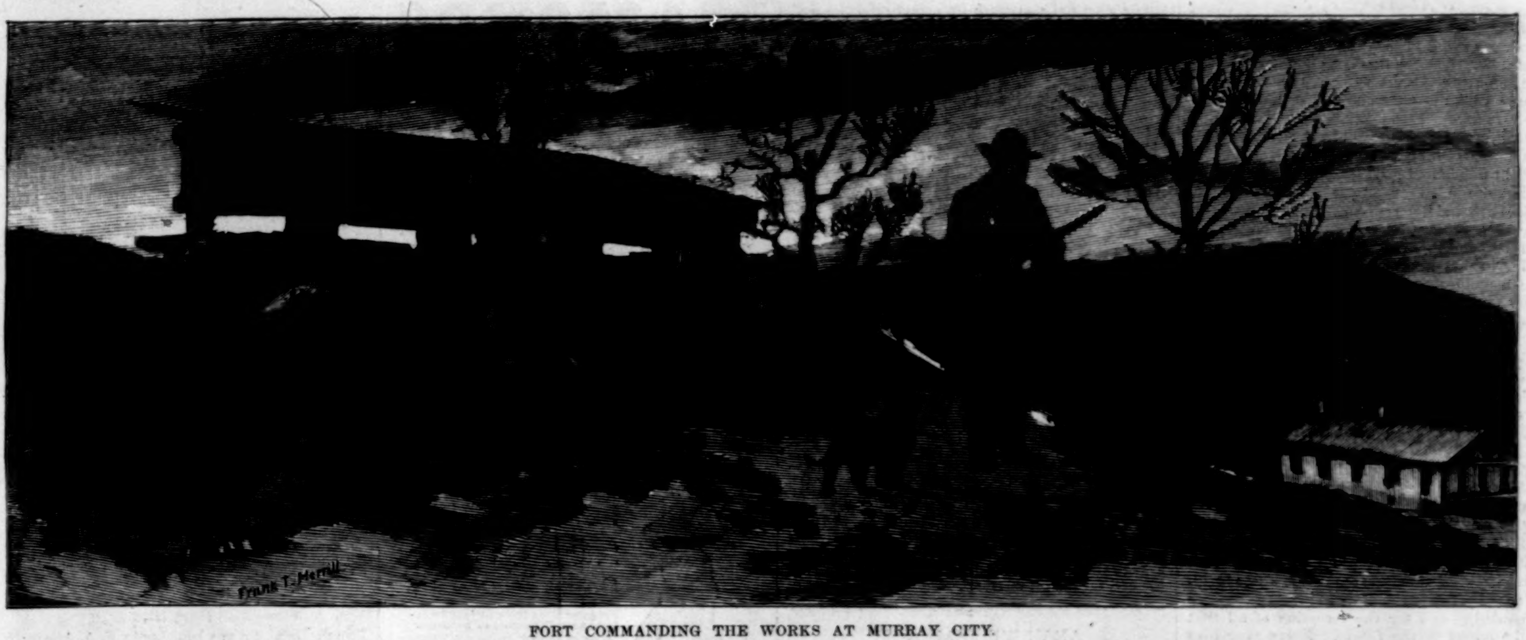
A plan sometimes adopted for the capture of the mole is for three or four men to approach the dwelling and "cut out" this keep almost instantaneously, but such is the wariness of the little beast that unless communication with the long passages be cut off at once he will effect his escape, and once behind the area of operations there is no knowing in which one of the many galleries he is to be found. When captured it is remarkable how little soil or dirt adheres to the "pile" of his coat. The claws are usually dirty enough, but his soft velvet jacket is well suited to throw off whatever particles fall upon it. This arises as much from its "set" upon the skin as from the extreme fineness of the hairs. The small mounds dotted over the scene of the animal's labors are merely the soil thrown up while in search of worms, etc., and these have nothing in them specially worthy of examination.

AN ARAB HOUSEHOLD.

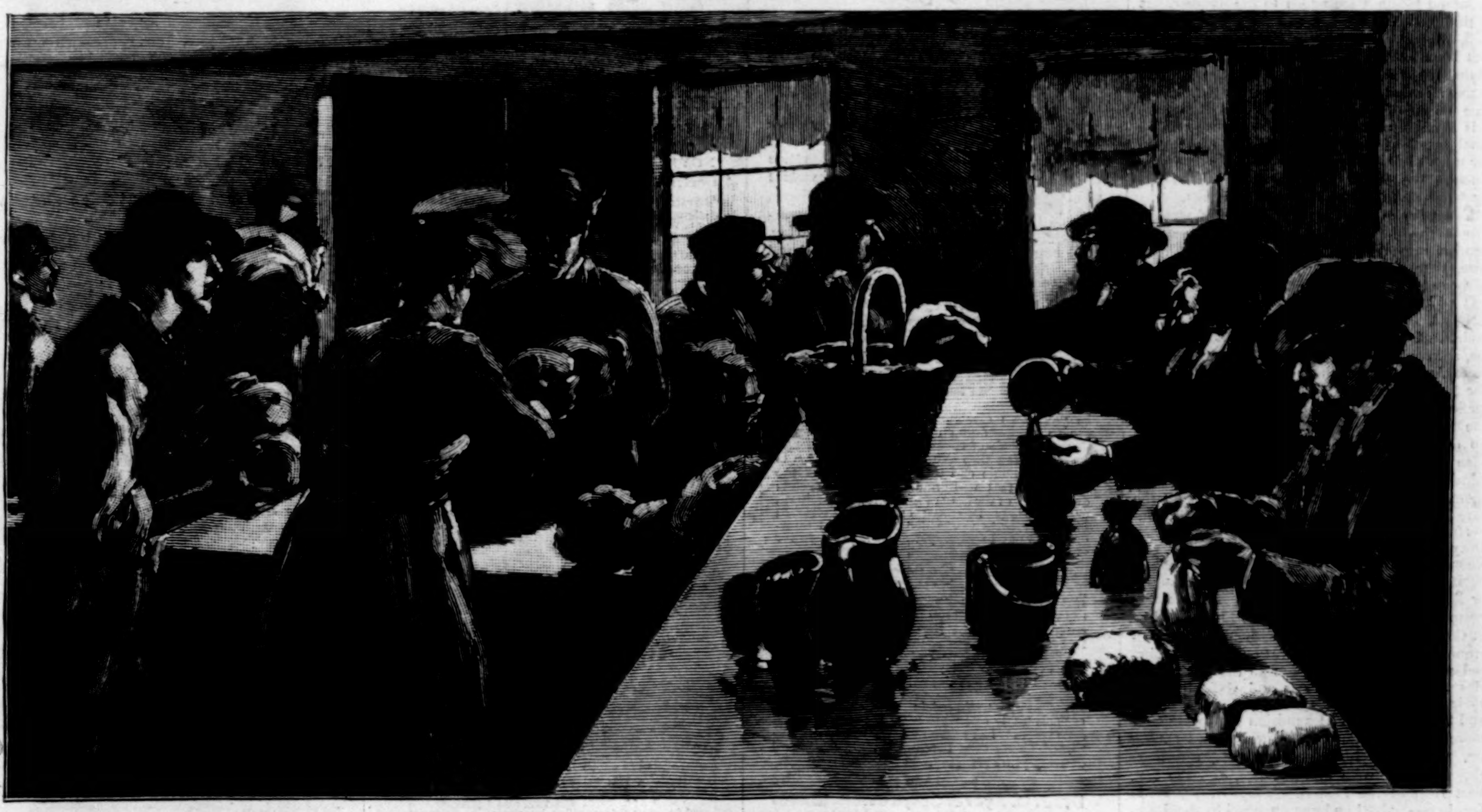
He was a grand-looking old man, and looked all the more so in his picturesque Arab costume. Following him through a small lobby, we ascended a dark and narrow wooden staircase. At the top of it we found ourselves in an arched gallery running round a small court. Here a few goats were wandering about, and from behind curtained doorways numerous dark faces were peeping at us. The principal lady of the household received us at the door of the sitting-room, and soon we were surrounded by at least a dozen women and lots of children, not two of them dressed alike. The poor children were all perfectly laden with bracelets, anklets, and nose-rings, while a few had even nostril-rings. Indeed, many of them looked queer little objects, with patterns painted on their faces in scarlet, yellow, or white. Some of the women, too, had white spots painted round their ears. I thought these extremely ugly, for they strongly resembled rows of teeth. One exceedingly smart baby was dressed in a yellow silk dress with a bright crimson border, and a little cap surmounted by a tuft of feathers all the colors of the rainbow. His arms and legs were perfectly laden with jewels, and his little neck smothered by rows and rows of beads, from which were suspended all sorts of charms and talismans. Several of the women were afraid to shake hands with me, and one little fellow with an enormous nose-ring screamed most lustily. This led to our discovering that they were afraid of my dark hands, for I had on a pair of brown gloves. It was the first time that any of them had seen a pair of gloves; and the whole party were very much astonished, when I took them off, to find that my hands were white. Miss Allen produced a scrap-book, and handed it first to the old gentleman. He commenced looking at it at the wrong end, as Arabs always do, and evidently enjoyed the pictures quite as much as the children. Shortly after our arrival the servants brought in a gilt tray with two large green goblets full of sweet syrup; and we had to drink a little of this, as well as three small cups of coffee, the old gentleman particularly wishing me to understand "that it was Arab custom to drink not less than three."


"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."
HAMLET.

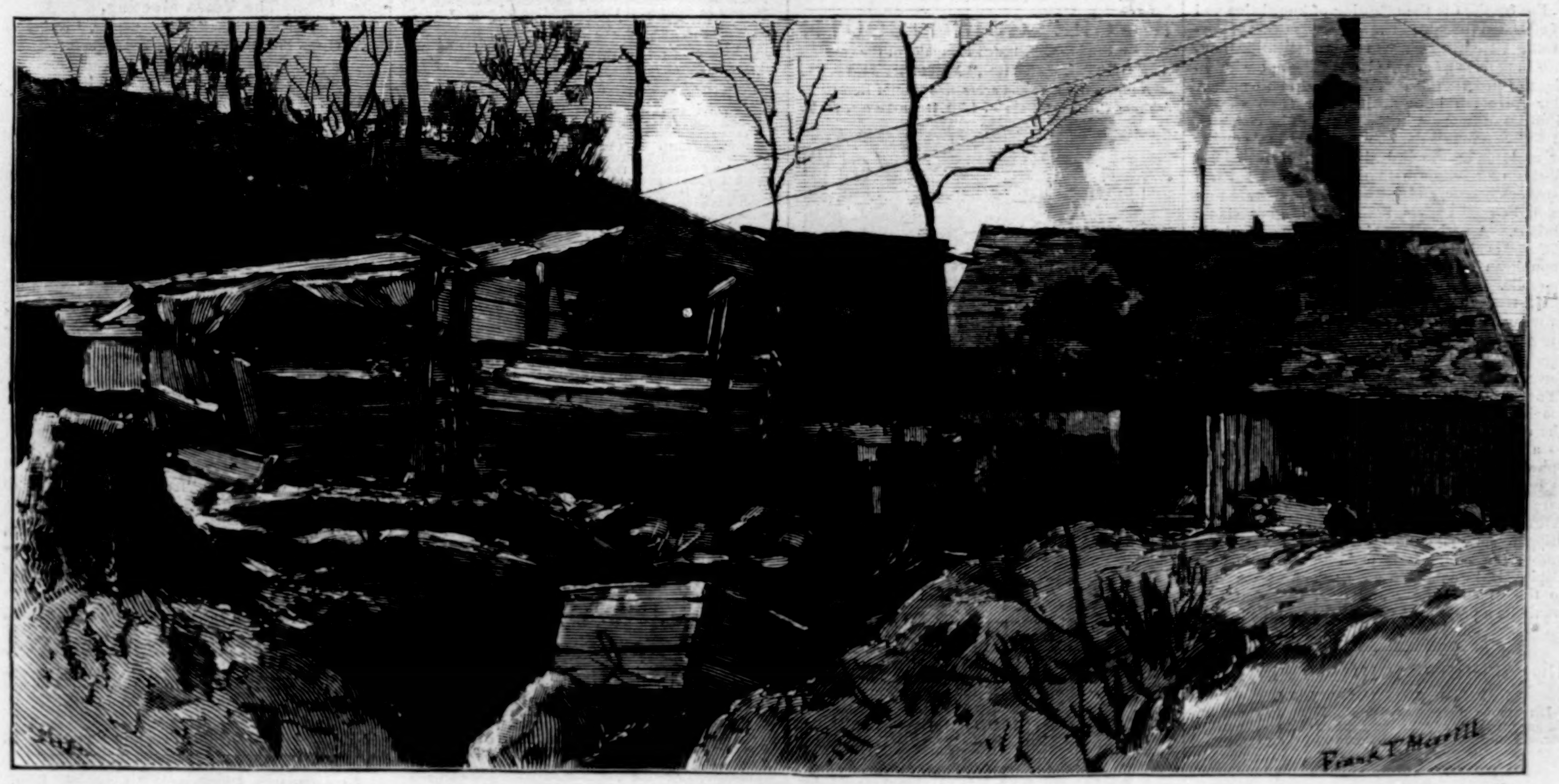
"SO HALLOW'D AND SO GRACIOUS IS THE TIME."—Drawn by F. S. Church.


Frank T. Merrill

FORT COMMANDING THE WORKS AT MURRAY CITY.



THE COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.


Frank T. Merrill

THE WORKS AT SNAKE HOLLOW.

THE MINERS' STRIKE, HOCKING VALLEY.—From Sketches by Frank T. Merrill.—[See Page 861.]

AN AMERICAN LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON.

An American library at Washington would seem a necessary result of the demands of our political institutions. A nation that is founded upon knowledge can scarcely exist without books. As yet we have gathered none of those vast collections that have adorned all other lands and ages, and our country and our continent have remained without a suitable library. We have, no doubt, many excellent public and private collections. But our scholars are still forced to travel to London or Berlin, Paris and Rome, to complete their researches or their studies. Paris has a library of between two and three million volumes; London is not far behind it. The Old World abounds in these magnificent opportunities of study. But in New York and Boston the largest libraries number scarcely two hundred thousand volumes; Harvard University has about as many; Columbia College in New York about sixty thousand.

One library we possess that numbers over five hundred thousand volumes, and whose treasures are rapidly increasing. This is the Congressional Library at Washington. But from the want of a suitable building its rich stores are nearly lost to the public and the reader. Every one has heard how books, manuscripts, pictures, music, works of art, and rare relics are piled up in heaps, hidden away in vaults, and lost to sight in the Capitol. The librarian sighs over his buried treasures, the scholar laments the waste of its rare material. A plan is before Congress to provide a fine building for the preservation of these invaluable stores of knowledge, and for the reception of all that may be added in the future. Every year fifty thousand volumes are added to the number. It is proposed to place the new library on Capitol Hill, behind the legislative chambers. A plan has been prepared. The new building will be plain, graceful, provided with all the conveniences and aids the student and reader may desire. The consent of Congress is alone required to make this necessary reform, and the expense will be small compared to the lasting benefit it will confer upon the nation and the whole Western continent. We should then at least be able to produce our own scholars and our own books.

The story of great libraries is one of strange interest, and it is easy to trace the course of invention and civilization by their light. They rose, they flourished, they perished, but never without leaving behind them some imperishable gift of knowledge. The libraries of Plato and Aristotle founded those of Pergamon and Alexandria. In the schools of Alexandria mathematics, astronomy, mechanics, had their real origin. Here Archimedes studied, Hipparchus measured the earth and catalogued the stars, and Ptolemy made his invaluable maps. Rome seized upon the new inventions; countless libraries sprang up over the world; Europe was civilized; and then in the swift fall of Rome the libraries perished, and knowledge and invention died with them. But not forever. The Arabs caught the rare intellectual impulse, and founded their wonderful libraries in Asia, Africa, and Spain. M. Dozy has numbered the Spanish collections, and Renan describes the treasures of Cordova and Seville. They perished, like those of Alexandria or Rome, but not before they had given out the germ of progress to the savages of Europe. Here at Cordova Gerbert studied mathematics and astronomy, and Albert the Great gave the first impulse to modern science. From the Arab libraries and universities Paris and Oxford gained their examples of a high intelligence; the science and the taste of the Alexandrian professors once more cultivated Europe. New libraries sprang up. Columbus formed his charts, reformers threw off the yoke of ignorance, and the last, best fruit of the modern library—transatlantic freedom—revived and was nurtured by the literature of Greece and Rome.

For freedom is the offspring of knowledge and of educated thought. The modern systems of government are as much the result of scientific progress in politics as are the latest telegraphic inventions of progress in chemistry and mathematics. Our American library will differ from all the libraries of the past in the nature of its contents. It will contain all the books printed in America, or at least in the United States. It will be a library of republican literature; it will teach a pure democracy, and serve to hasten onward that mental equality which is the aim of all free institutions. A nation in which education is widely diffused is always capable of self-government. A republican library would seem a necessity in a republic.

All trades and professions owe their chief improvements to the libraries of the past. Here are gathered all the discoveries and inventions of mechanics and engineers. To the library the farmer owes his vegetables and seed, his practical knowledge in grafting and sowing, the improved machines that cut and bind his crops, the mower, the reaper, the railway that carries his harvests to a market, the steamer that binds two hemispheres together. To the merchant the library is equally profitable. It supplies him with the rarest products of distant climes. The lever of Archimedes still rules sea and land; the stars of Hipparchus guide the *Oregon* and the *America* across the seas. It is plain that a library on Capitol Hill would be a most valuable possession to the whole country and even continent. It would be a presage of prosperity to all the future.

Eugene Lawrence.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.—[*Adv.*]

A Household Necessity.—Electro-Silicon for cleansing and polishing Gold and Silver Ware. There's nothing equals it.—[*Adv.*]

"NIPPED IN THE BUD!"

Sad to say, many a good thing attains to nothing more than a fair beginning. On the other hand, it is a matter for congratulation that the growth of some evil things may be also promptly frustrated. A large proportion of the cases of the most widespread and fatal of diseases—consumption—have their inception in nasal catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is pleasant, soothing, and effectual. Try it. It has cured thousands. All druggists.—[*Adv.*]

FOR ALLAYING HOARSENESS,

IRRITATION OF THE THROAT, AND COUGHS,

It is daily proved that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a mild remedy, yet very efficacious. 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

FUR AND SEAL-SKIN GARMENTS.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.—[*Adv.*]

THE PEOPLE'S WORLD-WIDE VERDICT.

Burnett's Cocoaine has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the *cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.* Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

A Neighbor

In your own community, wherever you are, can tell you—if you do not happen to know them yourself—of cases within his knowledge demonstrating that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is an ever reliable and thorough purifier of the blood: one that will eradicate from the system every atom of the taint of Scrofulous, Mercurial, or Contagious Diseases; enrich impoverished blood; strengthen enfeebled vital organs; invigorate and build up the system, as is in the power of no other medicine.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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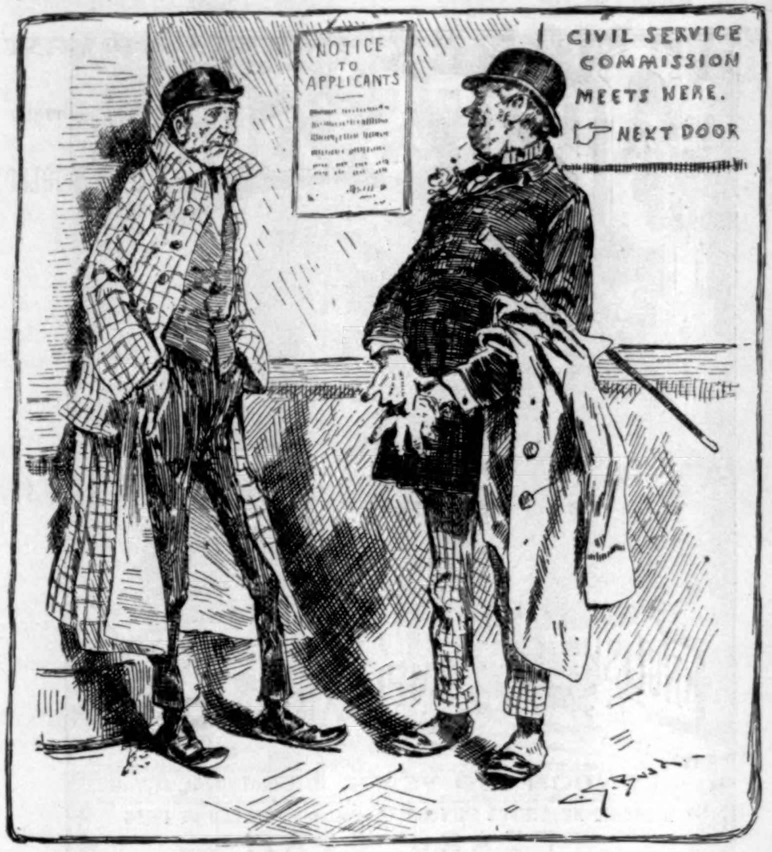
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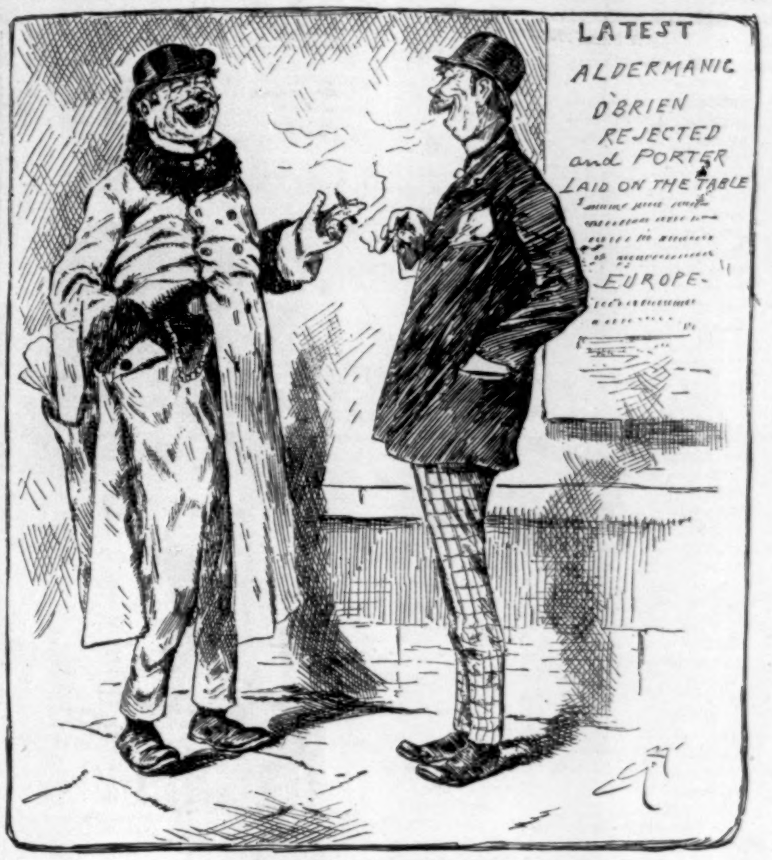
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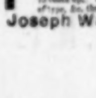

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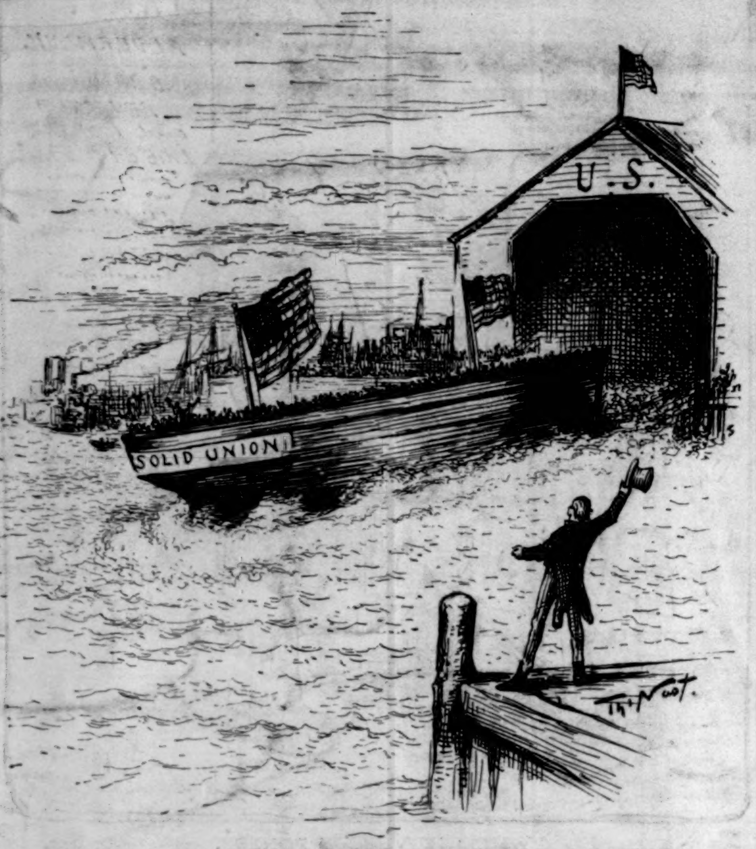

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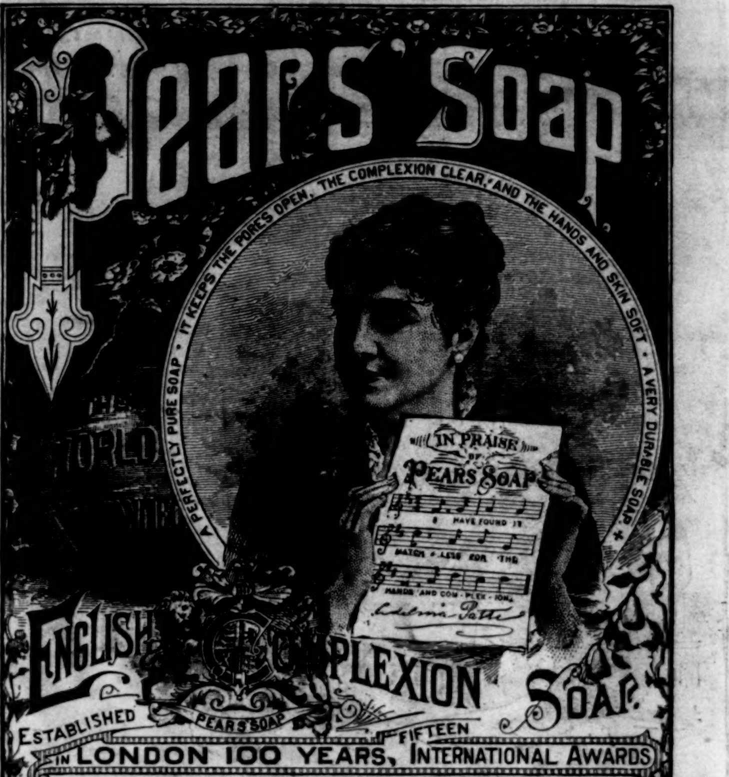
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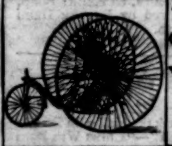

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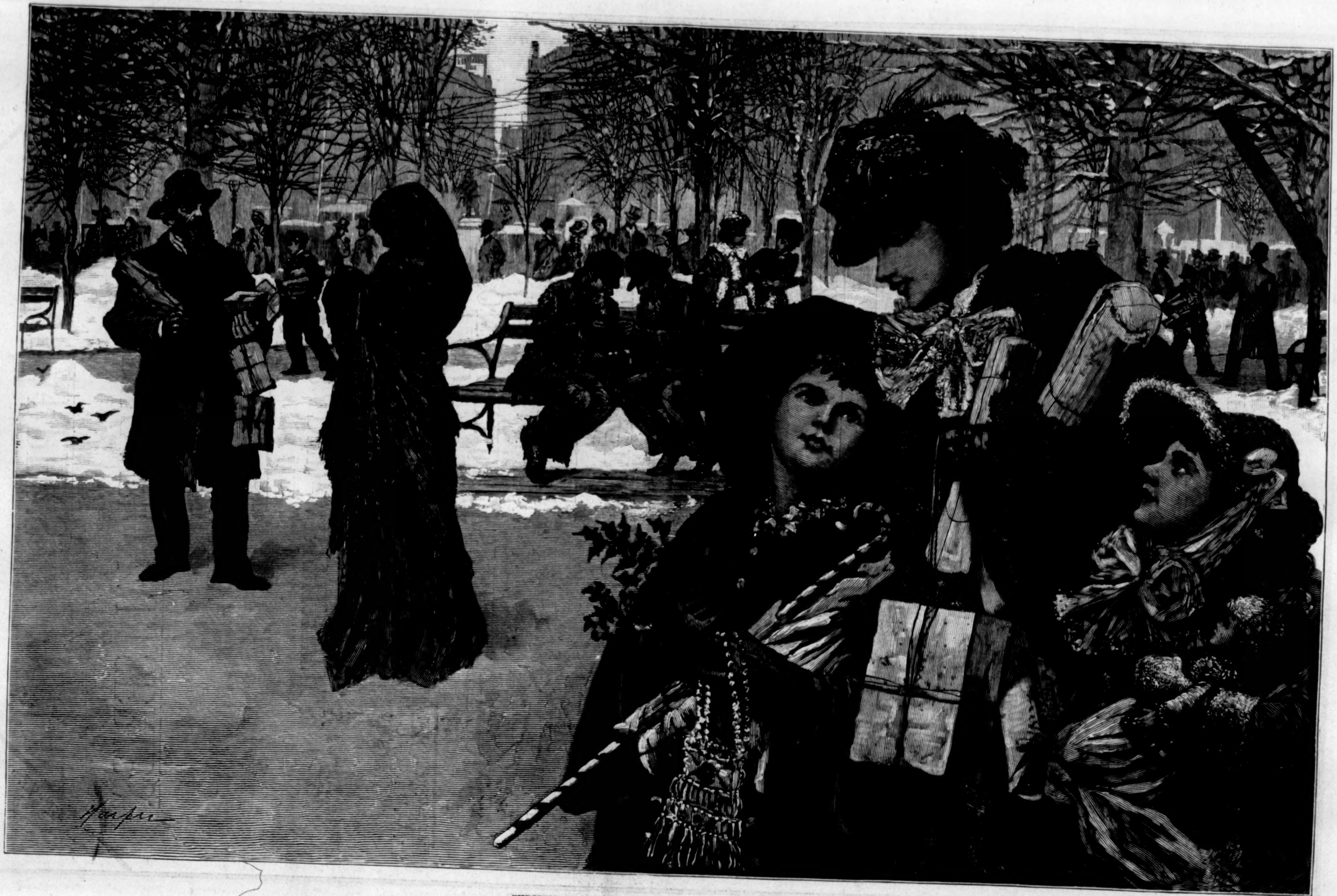

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